The Wellesley Magazine

CONTENTS.

Traces of Socialistic Thought in Nineteenth Century English Poetry	*Alice Welch Kellogg*, '94	341
In April	*Ellen Burroughs*	354
Ten Years After	*Dorothy Allen*	354
A Spring Symphony		359
The English Stage at the Time of Shakespeare	*Denison Wilt*	363
Telling the Bees	*Emily S. Johnson*, '97	365
The Crocuses	*Mary Hefferan*, '96	367
Some Groans and Warnings from Abroad	*M. Muller*	368
The Witches' Fire	*Emily Budd Shultz*, '94	372
The Spirit of the Age	*C. W. J.*, '95	374
The Stars	*Christine Caryl*, '95	374
The Harvard Play	*Katharine Lee Bates*	374
Editorials		379
Free Press		381
Exchanges		384
Book Reviews		386
Books Received		388
Society Notes		388
College Bulletin		391
College Notes		391
Alumnæ Notes		394
Born		398
Died		398

Vol. III——April, 1895——No. 7

Entered in the Post Office at Wellesley, Mass., as second-class matter.

TRAVELLING CREDITS...

AND

...COMMERCIAL CREDITS

Available in all countries, issued on

MESSRS. BROWN, SHIPLEY & CO., LONDON.

Exchange bought and sold on LONDON, LIVERPOOL, PARIS, and BERLIN.

BROWN BROTHERS & CO.,

50 State St., Boston.

GEORGE E. BULLARD, LOUIS CURTIS, } Agents and Attorneys.

BROWN, DARK GREEN,

DARK BLUE and BLACK

Are the fashionable spring colors; and the oldest and best

DYERS AND CLEANSERS ARE

Lewando's

FRENCH DYEING AND.... CLEANSING ESTABLISHMENT.

Established in 1829. **Largest in America.**

17 Temple Place, 284 Boylston Street,

BOSTON.

Dresses dyed or cleansed whole. Laces, gloves, and feathers cleansed or dyed.

EASTER LILIES AND JACQUEMINOT ROSES.

J. TAILBY & SON,

FLORISTS,

Opposite Railroad Station, Wellesley.

Flowers and Plants of the choicest varieties for all occasions; Palms, etc., to let for decoration.

FLOWERS carefully packed and forwarded by Mail or Express to all parts of the United States and Canada.

☞ Orders by mail or otherwise promptly attended to. Connected by Telephone.

The Fisk Teachers' Agencies.

EVERETT O. FISK & CO., Proprietors.

4 Ashburton Place, Boston, Mass.
70 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
803 12th Street, Washington, D. C.
355 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
32 Church Street, Toronto, Can.
Century Building, Minneapolis, Minn.
Olympia, Washington.
120½ S. Spring Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Correspondence with employers is invited.
Registration forms sent to teachers on application.

SHOES

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

The latest in style, best in quality, at moderate prices.

Gymnasium shoes of all kinds at low prices.

Special discount to Wellesley students and teachers.

Thayer, McNeil & Hodgkins,

47 TEMPLE PLACE, BOSTON.

THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE.

VOL. III. WELLESLEY, APRIL 13, 1895. No. 7.

EDITOR IN CHIEF.
MARY HOLLANDS McLEAN.

ASSOCIATE EDITOR.
JOSEPHINE H. BATCHELDER.

MANAGING EDITORS.
ALETHEA LEDYARD.
ELIZABETH A. STARK.

LITERARY EDITORS.
AGNES L. CALDWELL.
MABEL A. CARPENTER.
MARY HEFFERAN.
MAUDE R. KELLER.
ANNIE F. WILSON.
MARY WOODIN.

THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE is published monthly, from October to June, by a board of editors chosen from the Senior Class.

All literary contributions may be sent to Miss M. H. McLean, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

All items of college interest, and communications to be inserted in the department of Free Press, will be received by Miss Josephine H. Batchelder, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

All alumnæ news should be sent to Miss Maude R. Keller, Wellesley, Mass.

Advertising business is conducted by Miss Elizabeth A. Stark, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

Subscriptions to the MAGAZINE and other business communications should in all cases be sent to Miss Alethea Ledyard, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

Terms, $2.00 per year; single copies, 25 cents. Payment should be made by money order.

TRACES OF SOCIALISTIC THOUGHT IN NINETEENTH CENTURY ENGLISH POETRY.

FROM one standpoint, poetry seems the last place in which to look for socialistic thought. Men consult tables of statistics, editorials, treatises, even novels, to discover humanity's problems and the schemes for remedy, but they seldom question the poets, whom they fancy so absorbed in Nature, so devoted to romance, and legend, and the charm of classic days, as to have no care for the oppressions of trade and the manifold evils springing from selfishness and lust. But what think the sweet singers themselves? Hear Mrs. Browning's answer:—

> "Nay, if there's room for poets in this world
> A little overgrown (I think there is),
> Their sole work is to represent the age,
> Their age, not Charlemagne's—this live, throbbing age,
> That brawls, cheats, maddens, calculates, aspires.
> . . . . . .
> For poets (bear the word),
> Half-poets even, are still whole democrats."

Mark how Robert Browning bids Aprile rebuke a recreant poet for

"Leaving as he found
The world which he was to loosen, bound."

Recall James Russell Lowell's creed :—

"Our country hath a gospel of her own
To preach and practise before all the world,—
The freedom and divinity of man,
The glorious claims of human brotherhood,
Which to pay nobly, as a freeman should,
Gains the sole wealth that will not fly away.
Never had poets such high call before,
Never can poets hope for higher one;
And, if they be but faithful to their trust,
Earth will remember them with love and joy,
And, O far better, God will not forget."

May we not, therefore, expect to find the poets deeply touched by the great wave of human sympathy which has swept down the Nineteenth Century? May we not look for traces of the enthusiasm of Fourier, Owen, Lassalle, Morris, and Booth? Must we not trust them frankly to point out all social evils, and with no uncertain voice to declare the Brotherhood of Man, the Solidarity of the Human Race?

On the borders of the Nineteenth Century, the poet world is startled from a cold and dreary formalism; Thomson and Cowper are unfolding the glory of Nature, and

"With such a book
Before their eyes, men cannot choose but read
Lessons of genuine brotherhood."

Crabbe is painting with scrupulous exactness the colorless life of the English poor; Burns is striking a high keynote in

"A man's a man for a' that."

When the French Revolution gives a powerful impetus to the new doctrines of Freedom and Equality, the Lake Poets are the first to dedicate themselves to the cause of man, "the common creature of the brotherhood."

Wordsworth points out how a love for Nature, clearing his soul's vision, led him on to feel for all mankind. He makes studies of abject poverty with "the homely sympathy that heeds the common life." He reveals the horrors of crowded tenements, and presents the problem of

environment, showing the limitations caused by excessive labor and "the close and overcrowded haunts of cities." Appreciating the sterling qualities to be found in rudest men, he frowns on all courtesy which has the air of condescension. He decides that toil to establish Justice and Liberty throughout the earth is far sweeter than scholastic meditation on those subjects. While deeply realizing the enormity of the abuses which "filled the astonished world," he holds an unfaltering belief that a benignant spirit is abroad, which cannot be withstood; that empty pomp, cruel power, and false social doctrines will be abolished; and, finally, as sum and crown of all, that the people will have a

> "Strong hand
> In forming their own laws, whence better days
> For all mankind."

In 1842, there rises this clearest note:—

> "Feel for all as brother men!
> Rest not in hope want's icy chain to thaw
> By casual boons and formal charities;
> Learn to be just, just thro' impartial law;
> Far as ye may, erect and equalize;
> And *what ye cannot reach by statute*, draw
> Each from his fountain of self-sacrifice!"

The young Coleridge, leaving a life of ease "to fight the bloodless fight of science, freedom, and the truth in Christ," goes forth with the blest assurance that

> "He who thus hath borne his part assign'd
> In the sad fellowship of human kind,
> Or for a moment soothed the bitter pain
> Of a poor brother, has not lived in vain."

In the second strophe of his "Ode to the Departing Year," men are summoned to forget their private joys and sorrows, and devote themselves for a while to humanity at large. In later days, musing over a world gone all awry, he cries aloud in agony:—

> "We have offended, oh! my countrymen!
> We have offended very grievously,
> And been most tyrannous. From east to west
> A groan of accusation pierces Heaven;
> The wretched plead against us; multitudes
> Countless and vehement, the sons of God,
> Our brethren."

When the music of Coleridge and Wordsworth is hushed, Byron and Shelley catch up the strain; but the hurried sweep and fierce restlessness contrast strangely with the calm grief which has pointed out the way. Byron's Salamenes asks in indignation:—

"Thinkst thou there is no tyranny but that
Of blood and chains? The despotism of vice—
The weakness and the wretchedness of luxury—
The negligence, apathy, the evils
Of sensual sloth, produce ten thousand tyrants,
Whose delegated cruelty surpasses
The worst acts of one energetic master,
However harsh and hard in his own bearing."

In "Queen Mab," Shelley hurls bitter rebuke after rebuke, comparing power to a desolating pestilence, and pleading the cause of the widow and the fatherless. Could there be sterner pictures than the following?

"That man
Heeds not the shriek of penury; he smiles
At the deep curses which the destitute
Mutter in secret, and a sullen joy
Pervades his bloodless heart when thousands groan
But for the morsels which his wantonness
Wastes in unjoyous revelry, to save
All that they love from famine."

. . . . . .

"The drones of the community; they feed
On the mechanic's labor: the starved hind
For them compels the stubborn glebe to yield
Its unshared harvests; and yon squalid form
Leaner than fleshless misery, that wastes
A sunless life in the unwholesome mine,
Drags out in labor a protracted death
To glut their grandeur: many faint with toil,
That few may know the cares and woes of sloth."

The hopelessly miserable lot of the poor man is vividly portrayed—his fruitless toil, his famishing family, his "hate as quenchless as his wrongs." While "justice and truth with custom's hydra brood wage silent war," the poet declares, "Disguise it not, we have one human heart." His idea of hell is "a city much like London," where "small justice is shown and still

less pity." It is in his terrible "Masque of Anarchy," that he gives a laborer's definition of Freedom:—

"Thou art clothes and fire and food
For the trampled multitude,
No—in countries that are free
Such starvation cannot be
As in England now we see.
Thou art Justice—ne'er for gold
May thy righteous laws be sold
As laws are in England."

"Rise," he shouts to the pale hosts gathering from workhouse and prison,—

"Rise, like lions after slumber,
In unvanquishable number!
Shake your chains to earth like dew
Which in sleep had fall'n on you.
Ye are many—they are few!"

In a prophetic spirit, as it were, he closes:—

"Wisdom! I hear the pennons of her car
Self-moving, like cloud charioted by flame
Comes she not and come ye not,
Rulers of eternal tho't,
To judge with solemn truth life's ill-appointed lot?
Blind Love and equal Justice, and the Fame
Of what has been, the Hope of what will be?"

Hood follows close with a series of simple poems, which burn in upon the mind, as nothing yet has done, the pitiful condition of homeless girls, starving seamstresses, and day-laborers in vain search for work. Each line of "The Bridge of Sighs," "The Song of the Shirt," "The Lady's Dream," "The Workhouse Clock," and "The Lay of the Laborer," pleads for a helpless, downtrodden humanity, for whom

"Evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart."

The latter half of the century is marked by a spirit of increased energy and inquiry, finding its expression in the Brownings and Tennyson. There is wrung from Robert Browning the cry, "For oh this world, and the wrong

it does!" Soon he has much to say of the love which goes out to all humanity:—

"If you loved only that were worth your love,
Love were clean gain, and wholly well for you.
Make the low nature better by your throes!
Give earth yourself, go up for gain above!"

In "A Death in the Desert" this thought is amplified:—

"Men should for love's sake in love's strength believe.
. . . . . .
And no one asks his fellows any more,
Where is the promise of Christ's coming? but,
Was He revealed in any of His lives
As Power, as Love, as Influencing Soul?"

Paracelsus breathes the eager prayer:—

"Make no more giants, God,
But elevate the race at once! . . .
All starting fairly, all equipped alike,
Gifted alike, all eagle-eyed, true-hearted."

The socialistic lesson of "Christmas Eve" is summed up in the resolve:—

"Cautious this time how I suffer to slip
The chance of joining in fellowship
With any that call themselves His friends,
As these folks do."

The poetry of Mrs. Browning is ever keenly in touch with the "dear brotherhood of all the world." "Aurora Leigh" is itself a story of individual effort among the London slums. The discovery of frightful abuses forces Romney Leigh to cry as many have done since:—

"Who
Being man, Aurora, can stand calmly by
And view these things, and never tease his soul
For some great cure? . . . Dear, my soul is gray
With poring over the long sum of ill;
So much for vice, so much for discontent,
So much for the necessities of power,
So much for the connivances of fear,
Coherent in statistical despairs,
With such a total of distracted life,—
To set it down in figures on a page,
Plain, silent, clear, as God sees thro' the earth

The sense of all the graves,—that's terrible
For one who is not God, and cannot right
The wrong he looks on. May I choose indeed
But vow away my years, my means, my aims
Among the helpless, if there's any help
In such a social strait? The common blood
That swings along my veins is strength enough
To draw me to this duty."

Aurora is as deeply moved as he, but her standpoint is:—

"I hold you will not compass your poor ends
Of barley feeding and material ease,
Without a poet's individualism
To work your universal. It takes a soul
To move a body: it takes a high-souled man
To move the masses even to a cleaner stye:
It takes the ideal to blow a hair's breadth off
The dust of the actual. Ah, your Fouriers failed
Because not poets enough to understand
That life develops from within."

In accordance with his democratic ideas the young Lord Romney arranges to marry a girl of the slums, a rarely beautiful spirit, whose only knowledge of human justice, "the simple dues of fellowship, and social comfort," has been gained during a dangerous illness in a hospital. In connection with Marion Erle, Mrs. Browning portrays the miserable life of the London poor in darkest colors, made all the gloomier beside the utter selfishness and cruel thoughtlessness of the wealthy, fashionable set. This contrast is kept constantly before the reader, reaching a climax in the church scene, where both extremes of society are invited guests to the strange marriage. As Marion tells her story—the story of multitudes of her sisters—one's heart aches unutterably. Incidentally the simple endeavor of the poor sewing girl to "hold the lamp of human love arm high" for her dying neighbor, at the price of losing her meager livelihood, tells its own lesson of self-sacrifice.

At the close of the poem, Romney and Aurora meet to compare results. Romney Leigh's conclusion (which is Mrs. Browning's) is as follows:—

"Beloved, we must be here to work;
And men who work can only work for men,
And, not to work in vain, must comprehend
Humanity, and so work humanly,

And raise men's bodies still by raising souls,
As God did first. . . . But stand upon the earth
To raise them (this is human too). . . .
As God did last. . . . And work all silently
And simply, as God does all;
Distort our nature never for our work,
Nor count our right hands stronger for being hoofs.
The man most man, with tenderest human hands,
Works best for men—as God in Nazareth.
Fewer programmes, we who have no prescience.
Fewer systems, we who are held to do, not hold.
Less mapping out of masses to be saved
By nations or by sexes. . . . Subsist no rules of life outside of life,
No perfect manners without Christian souls.
The Christ himself had been no Lawgiver,
Unless he had given the life, too, with the law.

. . . "It is the hour for souls,
That bodies, leavened by the will and love
Be lighted to redemption. The world's old,
But the old world waits the time to be renewed,
Toward which, new hearts in individual growth
Must quicken, and increase the multitude
In new dynasties of the race of men;
Developed whence, shall grow spontaneously
New churches, new economies, new laws
Admitting freedom, new societies
Excluding falsehood: He shall make all new."

In many another poem she heralds the advance upward and onward of all humanity, and the coming of that day when "To love best shall still be to reign unsurpassed." In her "Curse for a Nation" she writes:—

"My heart is sore
For my own land's sins: for little feet
Of children bleeding along the street.

. . . . . .

For almsgiving thro' a door that is
Not open enough for two friends to kiss."

She pleads for "The women sobbing out of sight because men made the laws." She is the special champion of children, protesting against their employment in factories and mines, putting into their sorrowful mouths the wail:—

"Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper,
And your purple shows your path:—
But the child's sob in the distance curses deeper
Than the strong man in his wrath."

Tennyson is like Mrs. Browning in his frank revelation of social crimes. In "Maud" we are told how

> "The poor are hovelled and hustled together, each sex, like swine.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> And the filthy by-lane rings to the yell of the trampled wife,
> And chalk and alum and plaster are sold to the poor for bread,
> And the spirit of murder works in the very means of life."

And again, in "Locksley Hall Revisited":—

> "Is it well that while we range in Science, glorying in the Time,
> City children soak and blacken soul and sense in city slime?
> There among the glooming alleys, Progress halts on palsied feet,
> Crime and hunger cast our maidens by the thousands on the street.
> There the master scrimps his haggard sempstress of her daily bread;
> There a single sordid attic holds the living and the dead."

He bids the wild bells

> "Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
> Ring in redress to all mankind.
> Ring out a slowly dying cause,
> And ancient forms of party strife;
> Ring in the nobler modes of life,
> With sweeter manners, purer laws.
> Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
> The faithless coldness of the times.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Ring out false pride in place and blood,
> The civic slander and the spite;
> Ring in the love of truth and right,
> Ring in the common love of good.
> Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
> Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
> Ring out the thousand wars of old,
> Ring in the thousand years of peace.
> Ring in the valiant man and free
> The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
> Ring out the darkness of the land,
> Ring in the Christ that is to be."

His ear is keen to

> "Hear with inward strife
> A motion toiling in the gloom,
> The Spirit of the years to come
> Yearning to mix himself with Life."

His own confession is:

"And I my harp would prelude woe—
I cannot all command the strings;
The glory of the sum of things
Will flash along the chords and go."

Yes, he is above all a gloriously hopeful prophet:—

"That which men have done but earnest of the things that they shall do.

. . . . . .

Till the war drum throbs no longer, and the battle flags are furled,
In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World.

. . . . . .

Earth at last a warless world, a single race, a single tongue.

. . . . . .

Far away beyond her myriad coming changes, earth will be
Something other than the wildest modern guess of you and me.

. . . . . .

Till each man find his own in all men's good,
And all men work in noble brotherhood."

The spirit of Mrs. Browning and Tennyson finds a counterpart in that of Lowell and Whittier, the two American poets whose writings embody socialistic thought. Throughout his poetry, Lowell delights to dwell on the "mighty brother-soul of man." "The Heritage" enforces the dignity of manual labor; "Hunger and Cold" and "The Ghost-Seer" fiercely declare the guilt of oppressing the poor. In "The Search," Christ's throne is shown to be "with the outcasts and the weak." In "A Parable," Christ is represented as coming to earth again, and pouring this scathing rebuke upon his proud followers:—

"'Have ye founded your thrones and altars then
On the bodies and souls of living men?
And think ye that building shall endure
Which shelters the noble and crushes the poor?
With gates of silver and bars of gold
Ye have fenced my sheep from their Father's fold;
I have heard the dropping of their tears
In heaven these eighteen hundred years!'"

. . . . . .

"Then Christ sought out an artisan,
A low-browed, stunted, haggard man,
And a motherless girl, whose fingers thin
Pushed from her faintly want and sin.

These set He in the midst of them,
And as they drew back their garments' hem,
For fear of defilement, 'Lo, here,' said He,
'The images ye have made of Me!'"

In the "Ode to France," he shows how

"Grew and gathered thro' the silent years
The madness of a People, wrong by wrong.
There seemed no strength in the dumb toiler's tears,
No strength in suffering; but the Past was strong:
The brute despair of trampled centuries
Leaped up with one hoarse yell and snapped its bonds,
Grasped for its rights with horny, callous hands,
And stared for God with bloodshot eyes."

The "Biglow Papers" waged a vigorous crusade against slavery. Again he confronts unjust legislators with the unanswerable query:—

"Think you Truth a farthing rushlight, to be pinched out when you will,
With your deft official fingers, and your politician's skill?
Is your God a wooden fetish, to be hidden out of sight,
That his block eyes may not see you do the thing that is not right?"

He holds always that "Before man made us citizens, great Nature made us men," and that "He's true to God who's true to man, wherever wrong is done." He strives to live his creed by "Work obscure done honestly," and "Vote for truth unpopular." Freedom, he maintains, is not

"To break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And with leathern hearts forget
That we owe mankind a debt.
No! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And, with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free."

The lesson learned by Sir Launfal is

"Not what we give but what we share;
The gift without the giver is bare."

His broad, progressive views shine out in

"New times demand new measures and new men;
The world advances, and in time outgrows
Laws that in our fathers' day were best;
And, doubtless, after us some purer scheme
Will be shaped out by wiser men than we,
Made wiser by the steady growth of Truth.
We cannot bring Utopia by force."

Hearing "the soul of man around him waking," he has shaped his hopes in "The Present Crisis":—

> "For mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears along,
> Round the earth's electric circle, the swift flash of right or wrong;
> Whether conscious or unconscious, yet Humanity's vast frame,
> Thro' its ocean-sundered fibers feels the gush of joy or shame;
> In the gain or loss of one race all the rest have equal claims.
> . . . And behind the dim unknown,
> Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own."

The Quaker poet's "Voices of Freedom," "Poems Against Slavery," and "Songs of Labor" have a fearless ring. His is

> "That stern majesty of soul
> Which knows no color, tongue, or clime."

He has not written in vain, he says, if thou seest the

> "Oppressed and spoiled on every side,
> By Prejudice, and Scorn, and Pride,
> Life's common courtesies denied;
> Sad mothers mourning o'er their trust,
> Children by want and misery nursed,
> Tasting life's bitter cup at first.
>
> "If to their strong appeals which come
> From fireless hearth and crowded room,
> And the close alley's noisome gloom,
> Tho' dark the hands upraised to thee,
> In mute, beseeching agony,
> Thou lend'st thy woman's sympathy."

Listen:—

> "Stand still, my soul; in the silent dark
> I would question thee,
> Alone in the shadow drear and stark
> With God and me!
> What, my soul, was thy errand here?
> Was it mirth or ease?
> Or heaping up dust from year to year?"

And the steady answer comes back:—

> "Nay, none of these!"

for his purpose has ever been

"The needed truth to speak,
Right the wronged, and raise the weak.
. . . . . .
"And to level manhood bring
Lord and peasant, serf and king;
And the Christ of God to find
In the humblest of his kind!
His to work as well as pray,
Clearing thorny wrongs away;
Plucking up the weeds of sin,
Letting heaven's warm sunshine in."

His moral vision is of the clearest; for he feels

"That wrong with wrong partakes,
That nothing stands alone;
That whoso gives the motive makes
His brother's sin his own."

His faith in humankind is unshaken; he looks

"On man as man, retaining yet,
Howe'er debased, and soiled, and dim,
The crown upon his forehead set,
The immortal gift of God to him."

His is a "love outreaching unto all God's creatures, with sturdy hate of wrong." He looks ever forward, seeing in the future

"Earth's own, at last, untrod
By sect, or caste, or clan,
The fatherhood of God,
The brotherhood of man!"

Will Carleton's "City Ballads" follow very much as did Thomas Hood's. They deal with the factory worker, the starving poor, the blessing of the Fresh Air Fund, and the pitiful wages of sewing girls.

What traces of socialistic thought will be found in the poetry of the future, it will be interesting to observe. Perhaps William Morris will embody his views in song. He has already written several "Chants for Socialists," called "The March of the Workers," "The Voice of Toil,"

"All for the Cause," "No Master," and "The Day is Coming." With expectation, therefore, we echo James Whitcomb Riley's prophecy:—

"Oh the Poet of the Future! He will come as man to man,
With the honest arm of labor and the honest face of tan,
The honest heart of lowliness, the honest soul of love
For human-kind and nature-kind about him and above.

"His hands will hold no harp, in sooth; his lifted brow will bear
No coronet of laurel—nay, nor symbol anywhere,
Save that his palms are brothers to the toiler at the plow,
His face to heaven, and the dew of duty on his brow."

ALICE WELCH KELLOGG, '94.

IN APRIL.

All day the grass made my feet glad;
I watched the bright life thrill
To each leaf-tip and flower-lip;
Swift winds that swept the hill,
In garden nook, light lingering, shook
The budding daffodil.

I know not if the earth have kept
Work-day or festival:
The sparrow sings of nestling things,
Blithely the robins call;
And loud I hear, from marsh-pools near,
The hylas at night fall.

ELLEN BURROUGHS.

TEN YEARS AFTER.

(A Sequel to "Carl and I.")

I HAD been in Nantucket two weeks. I had sailed, and rowed, and tramped—and sunburned. These two weeks had been full of happiness and rest, but a little lonely, for I was here alone, boarding with an acquaintance. I was now an independent young woman, carrying in my satchel the slender savings from a year's teaching, together with a few treasured bills, the proceeds from some stories born with silver spoons in their mouths, so to speak; not to mention one or two children of poverty, returned manuscripts. Few of the summer boarders had come, and I knew scarcely any one.

To-day as I walked by the bay where the small catboats were moored, I thought of Carl and his "Blacke Ladye," and wondered when they would come to brighten things. Nantucket and Carl! Thinking of one always called up the other,—my old friend with the light heart, and merry eyes, and ready hands. "He was a bonny lad," I thought, growing rather sentimental and poetical as I gazed vaguely toward the boats. But suddenly I had eyes for only one, and that black with a red and blue pennant. I hastily bent under the railings to read the name on its stern, "The Blacke Ladye!" bobbing coquettishly at her moorings, flapping and lapping in the light breeze! "Carl is here!" I exclaimed in a whisper of surprise. And I turned and walked home with a brisk step, full of pleasant anticipations, for at this time a friend that I could walk and talk with seemed doubly dear.

The day was very warm, and though it was early in the season, I determined to join the few bathers who might have dared the cold water for an afternoon swim. So tucking my bathing suit under my arm, with towel, hairpins, and looking-glass, I soon arrived, hot and dusty, at the beach, and quickly changed my clothes. The sand burned my stockinged feet with its heat as I tripped to the water's edge. A few couples lay basking in the sun, lazily stretched out on pillows and shawls, and watched me with embarrassing, engrossing interest as the only bather in sight. But I was proud of my swimming and plunged in, full of the spirit of "showing off" that we all indulge in sometimes. The choppy waves beat in my face, and loosened seaweed encircled my chin and throat as the water deepened.

Soon I espied a yellow head bobbing quite near me in the unending green. I watched it approach the jetty and draw itself out of the water with its accompanying arms and legs, until a blue and white striped figure sat drooping and dripping on the rocks. Now, there was no mistaking that sunny head, those square shoulders, that sun-browned face with its light blue eyes, and half-impudent, wholly self-sufficient mouth. It was Carl! Determined that we should meet now and in our dripping condition (for what could this strange coincidence mean if it were not a provision of Providence), I climbed on the rocks near him. He turned his head and saw me.

"Carl," I said, "have you forgotten?"

"Forgotten what?" he asked, surprised out of noticing who spoke.

"Why, forgotten *me*," I answered, coming boldly closer, "and our sails together, and our swims, and—everything," I ended lamely.

He looked dazed; then, slowly: "Forgotten you? Pardon me, but I must say—Is it possible! Why, Berta, it must be you!"

"Yes," I laughed, "it is Berta, and she is in Nantucket again, 'a woman growed.'"

We shook hands, and looked at each other well, both a little embarrassed. Carl had changed. He was tall and rather thickset. College had given him a conventional, man-of-the-world manner, which agreed ill with his blue eyes, still innocent and kindly. I could see at a glance that he adopted the cynical and *blasé;* even in his clinging bathing suit, with the water trickling off the end of his nose and down his bare legs, he tried to pull himself together to make some show of self-possession, and dignity, and indifference. As for his opinion of me, I tried to read that in his face, which, after the first moment of surprise and natural pleasure, had settled into a bored, rather insolent expression. But his eyes lit up when he looked at me, and I could read approval therein, and a little chagrin. For if he could act indifference, I could, too; and taking my cue from him, I assumed an expression which, I flattered myself, was at once coldly dignified and humiliatingly indulgent.

He questioned me as to where I lived, said that he should be happy to call to talk over old days (here he blushed uncomfortably, I thought), and ended by inviting me to take a swim before going in. We dived off the rocks, and like two little puffing steamboats, leaving a wake behind us, swam side by side to the shore. An enthusiastic audience greeted us by smiles and whispers as we came up the beach. And, indeed, it must have been amusing to see our meeting out on the rocks, and our friendly return home.

Carl walked with me to our little cottage. "I shall take you out sailing to-morrow," he said when we reached my door, "and bring my chum along too, who is here with me. Will you go?"

"With pleasure."

"And will you forgive us if we come to the house pretty often?"

"I shall always be glad to see you."

"And will you forgive me for not having recognized you at first?" with a grand air of humility.

"Certainly."

"Then all is straight again, and I hope we shall have some more good times together." And with a smile of infinite devotion (which I could see he bestowed impartially on young ladies of his acquaintance) he left.

Thus I renewed my friendship with Carl and the "Blacke Ladye." She had been sailing poorly, so I was told, but, these days, made the record of her life. Carl's young friend, Tom, went with us,—a diffident, silent young man with strangers, but with us talkative and bright. Our little boat overflowed, and often came near upsetting, with our gaiety. Carl changed from unconscious boyishness to conventional gallantry. On the water he was himself (an infinitely better self than the one he tried to be), but on land it was hard not to be irritated by his bored and conceited bearing. He could be so lovable, however, that one forgave him the rest.

At last the end of my holiday drew near. I was not very sorry, for in a few days my friends would be obliged to divide their time with their fast-coming host of acquaintances. My farewell day came, and reminded me of the day so long ago when I had last seen Nantucket. Carl and his friend came in the evening to say good-bye. Carl looked very shy and embarrassed, and I began to feel a little uncomfortable myself. He talked little, and, when Tom left (as if by some previous arrangement), Carl seemed relieved and yet distressed.

After we were alone, I settled down as placidly as I could, and turned to him. "Do you remember," I began, "our touching farewell when we were children?"

Carl cleared his throat. "Yes," with forced sprightliness; "and I gave you a ring. You wrote a story in your college paper once about having a ring and all that. Did you mean my ring?"

"Well, I did, and didn't."

"Have you got it still?"

"Yes, somewhere."

"A man does funny things when he's a kid. Has a sweetheart every year, and flings rings around promiscuously. Don't you think so?"

"Well, yes." ("Surely, my young man," thought I, "your conceit does not lead you to suppose"——). But just what it did lead him to suppose he showed by his next words.

"I was that sort of boy, you know. A happy, go-lucky sort of fellow. Bless me! the number of cases I had; and each case seemed to me to be the true, everlasting thing." He crossed his legs and laughed in what he took to be a thoroughly innocent, thoughtless, tactful way.

"I think," said I, growing angry in spite of myself, "now that you have grown to manhood, you would do well to gather back these trophies, and shower them all in the lap of the 'not impossible she.'"

"Just what I was thinking myself," he said, relieved and gay, "and I should like, my dear friend, to relieve you of the little ring I gave you; for, no doubt, you will be very glad to get rid of it." He said this very sweetly, and flattered himself that he had done it well.

"Well, I can't and I won't!"

"Can't what?"

"Give you back the ring."

"Why, I thought——" and he blushed all over his neck and ears. "But, of course, if you care for it——"

"I do care for it."

He looked at me closely. I, too, had turned red. Then, flinging aside all gallantry and getting excited, "But, Berta, I must have it. We were only children, you know. You really—don't you see—not that I really mind—I'm glad you like it, but, but—hang it! I'm engaged!" He had gotten up and stamped about; now he sat down suddenly and looked at me. "That's all; you see, I'm engaged to Tom's sister, and engaged men can't have rings scattered around." His blue eyes were almost irresistible. While I pitied and smiled on him in my heart, I said, angrily, "Nevertheless, you can't have it."

"Do you mean to say you are jealous? I knew you liked me, but I never thought—oh, what a mess! Have you no pride?" He looked really desperate.

"You can't have it," I continued, rising and holding out my hand, with a beaming face, "because, Carl, I'm engaged, too, and have given it away to him!"

"Berta!" his voice rang through the room. "Is it so? How glad I am! How happy you make me!" He looked at me as one before him had looked; and he never knew, in his blessed frankness, how very ungallant he was!

I left the next morning. Carl and I parted dear friends. He has made another ring from a ten-cent piece to go on another hand, which soon is to wear, so I hear, still another ring, broad and plain, and of gold. And this is the end of "Carl and I." DOROTHY ALLEN.

A SPRING SYMPHONY.

"In green underwood and cover
Blossom by blossom the spring begins."

THERE is a subtle something in the first dawn of the springtime from the winter's night and gloom, that has appealed to the hearts of men down all the centuries. The breath of the sweet April breezes, the damps of the fresh April showers, the perfume of the brave April blossoms that dare the lingering touch of wintry weather, have written themselves into the songs of many lands and many times. And no one has sung more sweetly or more truly of the love and longing of the spring than did he of old whose name the flight of many Aprils has buried too deep for resurrection, but whose clear song rises fresh and free, triumphant over time and change. Hearken to his music that pours forth so joyously from the far-away days of an English spring:—

Lenten ys come with loue to toune,
With blosmen & with briddes roune,
That al this blisse bryngeth;
Dayes-eyes in this dales,
Notes suete of nyhtegales,
Vch foul song singeth.
The threstelcoc him threteth oo,
Away is huere wynter wo,
When woderoue springeth;
This foules singeth ferly fele,
Ant wlyteth on huere wynter wele,
That al the wode ryngeth.

The rose rayleth hire rode,
The leues on the lyhte wode
Waxen al with wille;
The mone mandeth hire bleo,
The lilie is lossom to seo,
The fenyl & the fille;
Wowes this wilde drakes,
Miles murgeth huere makes;

Ase strem that striketh stille,
Mody meneth, so doth mo,
Ichot ycham on of tho,
For loue that likes ille.

The mone mandeth hire lyht,
So doth the semly sonne bryht,
When briddes singeth breme;
Deawes donketh the dounes,
Deores with huere derne rounes,
Domes forte deme;
Wormes woweth vnder cloude,
Wymmen waxeth wounder proude,
So wel hit wol hem seme:
Yef me shal wonte wille of on,
This wunne weole y wole forgon,
Ant wyht in wode be fleme.

—13*th Century.*

Even the words of our own day echo the quaintness of the old-time thought:—

I.

Again the spring has come with love;
Blossoms around, bird-songs above,
And all this bliss she brings.
The daisies white are in the dales,
We hear sweet notes of nightingales,
Each bird his own song sings.
The thrush his rivals all outgoes,
Afar are gone their winter woes;
The asphodel upsprings.
Unwearied birds trill forth their lays,
And twitter of their winter days,
Until the whole wood rings.

The red rose flaunts her petals gay,
The leaves on every tender spray
Wax greener hour by hour.
The moon sends forth her clear, pale light,
The lovesome lily greets the sight,
Wild thyme and fennel flower.
Now e'en the wild-drake wooes his mate:
Soft as a brook flows lovers prate,
Rejoicing in their bower.
But moody men make known their woe,
And I am one of them, I know;
Unloved, I feel love's power.

The moon her radiance sheds at night;
In splendor beams the great sun bright,
  While loud the bird-songs swell.
The downs are moistened with the dew;
Lovers their whispered vows renew,
  And fond decisions tell.
Even the worms now woo and wed;
In pride a maid lifts her fair head
  (And it becomes her well),
If any man gives her his love.
From all these joys I will remove,
  And as an exile dwell.

GENEVA CRUMB, '97.

II.

Bloom-laden Spring has come this way,
With love, and birds' sweet roundelay,
  Her train of pleasures bringing.
The starry daisies in the dales;
Sad, tuneful notes of nightingales;
  Each bird his own song singing.
Gone are all thoughts of winter drear;
Whistles the thrush a challenge clear,
  When asphodels are springing.
In chorus full of ravishment,
The throbbing throats to praises lent
  Set all the woods a-ringing.

The rose her ruddy gown puts on,
And tender leaves that woods now don,
  With sturdy will all grow.
The moon sheds over all her light,
On lilies white,—a lovely sight,—
  Fennel and wild thyme low.
The wild drakes woo again their mates,
On merry play all nature waits.
  Like brooks that softly flow,
So moans, ah, many a moody man;
Of this sad number one I am,
  For love which brings me woe.

The moon sends forth her pale, faint rays;
Bright shines the sun with light ablaze,
  While sing the birds for glee.
The night dews dampen all the downs:
Lovers amid the twilight browns
  On secret troth agree.

Soft, stirring life the clods thick crowd:
All women grow now wondrous proud,—
  Becoming 'tis to see,—
If one dares whisper of his love.
This wealth of joy's too far above
  For banished wight like me.

LUCY BRANCH ALLEN, '97.

Across the water of the stormy channel, in the sunny land of France, another poet of a later century sang the music of the spring:—

AVRIL.

Avril, la grace, et le ris
      De Cypris,
Le flair et la douce haleine;
Avril, le parfum des dieux,
      Qui, des cieux,
Sentent l'odeur de la plaine;

C'est toy, courtois et gentil,
      Qui d'exil
Retire ces passageres,
Ces arondelles qui vont,
      Et qui sont
Du printemps les messageres.

REMY BELLEAU, 16th Century.

Our modern song, too, is full of the beauty that comes when "the spring wakes again in God's thought of the world"; but we will not break the spell of the old music by even the harmony of the new; and our last flute note shall be an echo still:—

APRIL.

April, thou art the smile
    That erewhile
Cypris wore; and thy birth
Is so sweet that in heaven
      The gods even
Are breathing the perfume of earth.

'Tis thou, gracious and mild,
      Hast beguiled
Those exiles fleet of wing,—
Exiles long time afar,
      Swallows that are
The messengers faithful of spring.

THE ENGLISH STAGE AT THE TIME OF SHAKESPEARE.

THOUGH our subject seems enormous in its comprehensiveness, and our time brief, we shall attempt to give you some impression, slight though it may be, of the different things of interest relating to the stage at the period of which we write. Let us glance at the accessories of the theatre, actors, playwrights, plays, and, since the audience has much to do with the character of the plays produced for their amusement, at the theatre-goers of that period which embraced the beginning as well as the culmination of the popularity of the Drama.

In 1584 the Drama had become so popular that the best companies played in theatres built for the purpose, instead of going about the country in strolling bands, playing in any convenient inn-yard, as they had in Shakespeare's boyhood. The most important London theatre at this time was Blackfriar's. Let us go back a few centuries, and join the crowd going at three o'clock one afternoon to see Marlowe's newest and best play, "Dr. Faustus."

In the court before the theatre all is hubbub and confusion. Young gallants ride in and call loudly for Will Shakespeare, the favorite "horse boy," to come for their horses. Others are pushing and crowding in at the narrow entrance whither we direct our steps. Once inside we notice the high galleries rising from a semi-circular space where stands the stage, on which are seats for the wealthier portion of the audience. Only the stage and tiring rooms are roofed with thatch, the rest of the theatre being open to the sky. Before we have time to look further the music begins, and very soon the curtains are drawn. There is but little scenery, and to us, who have come from an age of gorgeous stage setting and magnificent costuming, the details seem meagre and crude. But we soon forget this in watching the actors, all men and boys, for the women's parts are taken by beardless youths whose voices are still high pitched. They, in their turn, become merged in the play which they are presenting, and which surprises us with its power and earnestness and freedom. The acting, too, forms a far more important part in this theatre than in those of our age, for the defects of scenery and costume must be overcome in part by its greater excellence, and, therefore, the majority of the actors are good instead of poor, as is the case to-day.

After the first act we have time to glance around us at the audience. The portion on the stage attracts our notice first on account of the bright and rich costumes and strange behavior, for these "darlings of society" do not hesitate to talk and laugh loudly during the performance, or even to engage in brawls with rivals for the smiles of some favorite. As for the rest of the audience, we see few women among them, and the best of order is not preserved; nevertheless, we recognize the faces of many of the learned men of the times, and see that they are looking at the play with as much interest and appreciation as we ourselves feel. But there is no time to look further, for the play holds our attention to the end, when, after the "Dance of the Fools," to the music of pipes and drums, we make our way out without even glancing at the young "horse boy," who is soon to be so famous. Such was the stage as Shakespeare found it when he first went to London,—already rich in much that was beautiful, strong and earnest. Let us stop there once more, on our way home a few years later, to see what changes have taken place.

The first thing we hear when we reach the city is a eulogy of the latest play written by the great playwright, the court's favorite poet, William Shakespeare. On every side we hear his praises sung, and every tongue wags over the great tragedy of "Macbeth," now being given at the new Globe Theatre, of which the poet is proprietor. Will Shakespeare—the name sounds familiar; we remember our first visit to a London theatre and the young horse boy, and determine to make one of the audience at the Globe that evening, to see if the duckling has really turned out to be a swan. We find that the theatre is much the same as Blackfriar's as we remember it,—hectagonal in shape, open to the sky, with the exception of the stage and tiring-rooms, and divided into galleries and boxes, with seats on the stage as of old. But when the curtain rises we begin to see changes. The scenery is much better, and the costuming is beautiful, often magnificent, the greatest care being given to details. Our friend Sir Henry Watton had said that the new play had been produced at the Globe with a splendor almost regal, and we find ourselves echoing his words in our own minds, while we listen with increasing wonder and enthusiasm to the drama before us. Richard Burbage is acting as he never acted before, and as we listen to the words of the great tragedy with their surpassing strength and power,

we forget that the theatre is primitive, the stage small; we forget the scenery, the costuming, the audience, the actors even, and lose ourselves in the weird horror of the plot presented to us. But there is a lull—the curtains are dropped, and we lean back trembling with the emotion aroused by what we have seen and heard.

And now we look with interest at the audience who can appreciate such a play, and find that it is worthy of our study. There are more ladies than there were in the audience at Blackfriar's, and they have fine, intelligent faces. The stage has always reflected and always will reflect the quality of the public which supports it; and what this public must be, what strong heads and sound hearts are to be found in this audience, we, who are acquainted with the drama of the period, cannot doubt. Nearly every face shows a capability of appreciating the finest lines and deepest thought in the play, and we feel instinctively that here is no common crowd of people. Men who wrote for the theatre in those days were careful not to write over the heads of their audiences; so when they put into their work vigor, rich imagery, and variety, it must have been because they knew that they should find a ready response in the intellect and imagination of their hearers.

The men and women whom we see around us do not come to the theatre merely for amusement. Life is a serious thing to them. Books are few, and people have to think for themselves, and to unravel knotty problems with what help they can get from pulpit and stage; therefore the stage is a place of education, and the masculine mind of the people of this age is, perhaps, the only one which can fully appreciate the drama of the period in the full significance of its power and beauty.

Such was the stage as Shakespeare made it: never again to be so great; never to see such acting; never to be so rich in thought and depth of feeling, as in the time when the poet himself was author, proprietor, and actor in his London theatre. DENISON WILT.

TELLING THE BEES.

LITTLE Melissa sat on the doorstep, crying bitterly. Her mother, her own dear mother, was dead. She was only four years old, but she knew what death meant, poor baby; for in those early days the country was

thinly settled and Indian raids were frequent. In one of these skirmishes Melissa's father had been killed, and her brother Ben,—Ben, who used to take her on his knee, and pull her curls, and call her his sweetheart. Melissa remembered those days with a vague sorrow, and sometimes even yet she was lonely for Ben. But this was different. This time it was her mother, her own mother, at once the idol and the companion of her long, happy days. There was a great ache in her baby heart, and the big tears rolled down her cheeks and fell into the lap of her pink calico pinafore.

A gaunt woman in a green taffeta sunbonnet came out to the door.

"There, there, Melissy!" she comforted. "Don't take on, now, don't ye. There, there, child! Run get your bonnet and go down to the pasture for me; I want a bit of mint."

Melissa clenched her chubby, dirty hands in the effort not to sob in the presence of this matter-of-fact, angular neighbor. After a moment she controlled herself.

"Yes'm," she said obediently.

Then off she trudged without her bonnet, the hot sun beating down upon her head. As she went through the house-garden the apple-tree by the gate dropped a tiny green apple, the very beginning of a perfect fruit, upon her curls. Melissa did not notice this kindly benediction. She was crying quietly now, with half-stifled sobs: "Mother! mother! Oh, my pretty mother!"

The great, sweet heads of the red clover touched her bare, sun-burned legs as she trudged wearily along. The path was narrow, and the meadow grass swept down, tall and cool, and wound itself about the tardy feet. Over at the edge of the woods an oriole flashed his scarlet in and out among the cedars. The sun shone, and the clouds sailed lightly in the blue. But ever from the little figure in the meadow-path came the piteous refrain: "Oh, mother, mother! Oh, my pretty mother lady! Mother, mother!"

A bee came humming along over the clover, sipping here and there,—a busybody, buzzing with the insistent cheerfulness of his kind. Melissa stood still to watch him.

In the middle of the field grew a great maple tree. Under this were the bee-hives, pointed, straw-thatched, just as in far-off England. The bees were going in and out, burdened and light, filling the air with a gentle hum.

Melissa crossed the field and stood against the tree, close to the largest hive. She was not at all afraid of the bees; they never stung her.

She remembered how, when her father was found dying, and brother Ben lay dead in the front room, her mother had stolen away a moment from her husband's side "to tell the bees" of Ben's death. Now her mother was white and still, and she alone was left to tell the bees. She went up to the hive and knocked very gently.

"Bees," said she, "listen, bees. My mother is dead,—my pretty mother that laughs. She will not come out any more. She is dead, bees. She will not speak even to me,—me, little Melissa!" And then she fell a-crying, and put her arms up over her face, and sobbed and sobbed.

The bees buzzed and hummed about her, and a light wind rustled the maple leaves. The shadows danced over the yellow leaves, and the grass, and the little figure in the pinafore. Then Melissa grew quiet.

"It's no use, bees, dear," she said. "She is dead, you know. She cannot talk to us. I just came to tell you, bees. You see, I'm lonesome."

EMILY S. JOHNSON, '97.

THE CROCUSES.

High in the night hung the moon, so cold,
Bending down to the earth, so old,
With her finger tips on her icy lips,
Hiding her face in a cloud eclipse,
Silently touched the crocus cups,
The shivering crocus cups.

Back shrank the spirit of Spring, so chilled;
Eyes with the tears of a hurt so filled;
But pitiful Night, with a coverlet white,
Crooning a lullaby, tucked out of sight
The quivering crocus cups.

Deep in the crocus heart, so still,
Slumbered the soul of Spring, until
Through the tears and sighs of April skies
The sun dropped a kiss on the wide, sweet eyes
Smiling up from the crocus cups,
The trembling crocus cups.

MARY HEFFERAN, '96.

SOME GROANS AND WARNINGS FROM ABROAD.

Dear Wellesleyites: Last summer when I took my sad leave of the beloved Land of Liberty, my grief was somewhat softened by the anticipation of one particular joy among others awaiting me in the Fatherland; *i. e.*, the joy of bathing the German part of my soul for a year or two in the regenerating atmosphere of none but genuinely pure German sounds, which, alas, talented as the Wellesley girls are in linguistic performances, are not always heard from them in the German class rooms. However, in looking forward thus eagerly to this baptism in the Jordan of my mother tongue, I had left out of consideration the American student abroad,—an omission I realized at once in coming to Göttingen, where the first people I met were Americans, addressing me in the familiar "foreign" brogue, and bent on talking German to me, although I should have understood their plain English much better. Feeling physically strong after a long, delightful vacation, I took my fate of continually being thrown with these "Germomaniacs" quite humorously, until, after various sad experiences in that line, my nerves were worn out, and I began to become subject to a hallucination that still occasionally takes hold of me when some indifferent foreigner pours his bad German over me; and with one or two exceptions they all talk bad German here. Imagine that for a month or two I saw, or rather felt, the person jabbering at me in the way mentioned, change into a formidable machine, grinding out, with many achs and krachs, words and sentences which no more resembled the living German language than the Homunculus in the phial resembled a real man. How I got into this pathological state? Listen.

Upon my arrival at Göttingen last October, I arranged to take my dinners with a German family, who, like one tenth of the families at G., have foreigners boarding with them. At the table I was placed between an English woman, who, in the exasperating way of the English, did not move her lips when she spoke German, and an interesting countryman of yours, who did not, as he ought to have done, make desperate efforts to improve his German. The feeling of responsibility for the linguistic improvement sadly lacking in him was, however, doubly felt by his conscientious landlady, whose anxiety for him when he dropped into English resembled the anxiety

of a hen seeing the duckling among her little ones plunge into the water. One day this *enfant terrible* began to tell a story, saying to the assembled company: "*Ik wisse*" (voice from across the table, "*weiss*"). "Thanks. *Ik weiss ein Mann*" (voice "*kenne*"). "Thanks. *Ik kenne ein Mann*——" Here the voice again corrected, "*Einen Mann*;" whereupon my unfortunate neighbor quickly turned to me, telling me as rapidly as he could in English what he knew about this man, and then continued to ask me some questions, which I, not realizing what I was doing, answered in the same idiom. After dinner the offended mother hen begged to be allowed to speak to me. She told me that since Mr. X. intended to take his Ph.D. in two years, it was absolutely necessary for him to learn to speak German just as soon as he possibly could, and that she must request me not to converse with him in English. Bearing in mind that the lady was an excellent cook, I gently asked her to let me sit near one of the three or four Germans at the table.

"I cannot arrange that very well," she said.

"I do want to talk German," I replied, "not, however, to one who is not likely to understand even the simplest remark about the weather."

"Why, then, don't you talk to my brother?" (That gentleman sat at the other end of the table).

"I beg your pardon, but I don't think that would be quite polite," I answered.

"Do you think" (here my judge's voice and eyebrows were raised threateningly), "do you think it is more polite to talk English at a German table?"

Alas! I had to give up the good dinners, to the great astonishment of the lady, who afterwards commented on me to friends of mine as "altogether too independent." I tried my luck at another boarding place, kept by a sweet little Frau Doktor, with whom I had almost come to terms, when I remembered to ask her if she had any foreigners at her table. She triumphantly assured me that almost all of her boarders were Americans. I rose in consternation and hurriedly bade her good-bye. I now half decided to order my meals from a hotel,—for taking dinners at the *table d'hote* without a protecting male at your left is not considered ladylike,—but dreading the lonesomeness involved in this arrangement, I made one more attempt at a "pension." Here at last I was fortunate enough to have a very intelligent German lady for my left-hand neighbor, while my opposite proved to be the

only American man in G. who, having had the good grace to study German several years before he came to this university, speaks it almost as well as a native. My neighbor at the right, however, was one of those exasperating individuals who speak the German fluently, but with no conception whatever of grammar. He frankly told me at the first dinner that he had never wasted his energies on learning to know the genders, the declension, etc., and that it did not make the slightest difference to him whether he used the Dat. or Acc., the der, die, or the das. To me, however, this *did* make a difference. I moved away from him the next day, and am now at last able to take my meals undisturbed by any fearful sounds in my immediate neighborhood.

And now, after having sufficiently groaned myself, I must tell you with some feeling of satisfaction about the groanings of these depraved mortals who have had the ignorance, thoughtlessness or audacity to take up studies at a German university without knowing the first thing about the language used in the lecture rooms. There are about thirty American men here at G., most of whom are in the departments of Chemistry, Physics, etc., while only a small number attend lectures in German and English Philology. Two of the latter, bright young fellows who have graduated from the University of the South, attend with me the lectures of Professor Heyne, the well-known Germanist. Since they sit at the same bench with me and never try to air their German on me, we converse a good deal, they in wailing, I in comforting tones, for they need comfort on account of the discouragement to which they have fallen victims. Why? Well, one of them had studied, or rather translated German for two years before he came over here; the other began to acquire it during the ocean voyage last fall. They are both eager to get their degrees in two years, the shortest time required, and listen with intense interest to the lectures, after which they confess with a deep sigh that they "haven't got a thing" out of it. Only this morning they told me that one of their professors at home had given them the "absurd" advice to "jump right into the work"; the necessary knowledge of German would follow naturally. Well, they did jump, and are not likely to recover from it these next four years. These men, who are typical of a great number of American students in Germany, have to use the lectures which ought to inspire them to do individual work, simply as a

means of learning German, which they could do much more profitably, although with less show, by taking private lessons or by attending an undergraduate school.

There is a woman, too, who came to Germany three months before the opening of the university, knowing no German at all and expecting to learn it during that time. She set to work with a most awful zeal, using each and everybody as convenient *Versuchspersonen* for her awkward tongue-gymnastics, and in her Biereifer not only made herself quite ill, but also was a discomfort to all who came in contact with her. One day I told her, in German, of course, that I had received a letter from America, the contents of which might interest her. "*Ist es in deutsch?*" she immediately inquired in bad German and with a most anxious look on her face. As it was not "*in deutsch*" she did not ask me to read it to her.

This afternoon another of your countrywomen, a lady who had studied German I do not know how long, and had taught it three years before she came here, confessed to me in a complaining voice that she would have got ten times as much out of her one year's work at the university had she known the German language and structure better. I might go on indefinitely telling you about your misled countrymen, but I think I have sufficiently impressed it on your minds that a *thorough* knowledge of German is absolutely necessary for those of you who intend to take one or two years of study at a German university, as I hope a number of you will do some time, for living and working in the atmosphere of these great old institutions is an experience well worth having. You do not, of course, absolutely need an extensive knowledge of German to carry on advanced studies in the Natural Sciences, in Mathematics, etc.; but you do need it for any work in Philology, Literature, History, etc. Prepare yourselves either by taking five or six years of German at Wellesley, or if you know something about the language, by living at least a year in Germany; in which case I should advise you, however, to go to a quiet, leisurely little city, where the people still have strong nerves, where a foreigner is still considered a rare bird to be received with open arms, and where your "*Komisches Deutsch*" fills the people with as much delight as Mark Twain's German-English brogue does some of us. Then when your German wings have grown to their full length, emerge from your seclusion, associate with the intellectual leaders of the

nation, get near the hearts of our best women, and fill yourselves with the best the German people can offer you.

In closing, I want to say a few words about the opportunities for studies here at Göttingen. They are especially favorable for women, as they are allowed not only to attend lectures and recitations and working classes at the university, but also those at the annex arranged for German women teachers. This annex is especially valuable for foreigners, as the classes are small and the work carried on with much more enthusiasm both by professors and students than at the university. All Americans who have graduated from a college, never mind of what grade, can enter the university, as well as the annex, as workers, while among the hearers at the annex are a number who do not possess a degree. The Göttingen library is one of the finest in Germany, and can be freely used by all students.

Among the professors of note at Göttingen are Prof. M. Heyne, an authority on old German dialects and the compiler of the great German Encyclopædia; Prof. E. Müller, the well-known psychologist; Prof. von Wilamowitz-Moellendorf, the inspiring interpreter of the Greek language and literature; Prof. Morsbach (English Philology); Prof. Nernst, the chemist; Prof. Klein, the mathematician, etc. These all admit women to their courses and favor their getting a Ph.D.

Come to Göttingen, therefore, if you can, but do yourselves and others the favor not to come unprepared.

Auf Wiedersehn! M. Muller.

THE WITCHES' FIRE.

Fidelity was a very tiny maiden to be sent to bed in the dark alone, particularly in those days of real, live Indians and witches. It is no wonder that she used to jump into the warm depths of her English feather bed as expeditiously as possible, leaving her little garments in a disorderly heap on the floor.

But Mistress Dobbins had discovered this "unwomanly slovenliness," and that very day had sought to improve the mind and morals of her small daughter by copious extracts from the Book of Proverbs. Poor little

Fidelity, fearing that the whole Old Testament might be the penalty of a second offense, stood in the chilly attic room carefully shaking out and folding by itself each piece of clothing. When she shook her little woolen petticoat a horrible thing happened,—bright sparks of fire flew from it. A dreadful fear seized upon the child's mind: she was bewitched; her naughtiness had exposed her to the attacks of those children of Satan.

Usually it took not many moments for Fidelity's eyelids to close, but to-night she lay long, sobbing in terror, and making fervent resolutions to be a model of all womanly virtues in the future.

The next few days were damp and warmer, and Fidelity had begun to rejoice over the total disappearance of her affliction, when another cold night brought the return of the witches' fire. The little girl's terror was indescribable; she was in despair. Evidently reformation could not save her from her tormentors. She wondered if she would dare confess to her father, so that he might request for her the prayers of the godly, as they did for all those who were in trouble.

She lay half benumbed with fear and weeping, when Jane, the hired woman, who shared her room, entered and prepared for bed. Mechanically the child's gaze followed her movements. Suddenly even Jane's stolidity was somewhat shaken by hearing a shrill, eager voice behind her, "O Jane, have they got thee too?"

She turned toward the little white figure sitting bolt upright in bed. "Why, child, what a start didst give me! I thought thee a-dreaming this two hours. What aileth thee? Hast the fever?"

"Didst thou not see it, Jane?" cried the excited child. "When thou didst shake thy petticoat the witches' fire flew out of it. Thou art possessed too!"

Jane looked at her in wonder. Finally her dull wits grasped the situation; she shook her head solemnly.

"Foolish babe!" said she. "Dost thou not know that fire? It is the light of the Spirit, wherewith the Lord doth ever surround his elect. Thou wilt never see it about the heathen savages or the ungodly."

And little Fidelity sank back into her feather bed as content as if she had heard an able lecture on static electricity.

Emily Budd Shultz, '94.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

It was in the waiting-room of one of Boston's crowded stores. The dim lights shone through crimson glass upon the Moorish hangings, flickering over the carved oak, the subdued paintings, and flowing in little rills of light upon the polished floor. Dreamily I waited for the entrance of dusky beauties with lustrous eyes. I could hear the trailing of their soft robes, could see the grace of their supple forms, the rhythmical movement of clinging silken folds.

A sharp grunt roused me from meditation. Glancing up, I saw a stout, red-faced Irish woman waddle across the room. In one hand she carried a basket of laundried clothes; in the other, she clutched a leg of pork for her prospective dinner. She planted herself in a chair rich with carving, oriental in shape. Her freckled face leaned blandly against a scowling griffin; her red hands reposed wearily upon the backs of shaggy unicorns. Comfortably she sat there, an embodiment of this age of poesy.

C. W. J., '95.

THE STARS.

Two little children, one six and the other four, were talking together.

"Sister, what are the stars?" the little boy asked.

"The sky is the carpet of heaven," she replied, "and the stars are holes in it. When they shine brightly angels are walking over them."

Christine Caryl, '95.

THE HARVARD PLAY.

The English department of Harvard University has been paying noble homage, during the past few months, to the Elizabethan drama. Professor Wendell's suggestive study of Shakespeare's art was closely followed by Mr. Baker's thoroughgoing little volume on Lyly, and now, this happy twentieth of March, Jonson has had his innings. All welcome to Rare Ben! His aggressive individuality, his blustering, domineering vanity, his vituperative quarrels with Dekker, with Marston, with Inigo Jones, and, no less, with the playgoing public at large, are mellowed by the haze of time into picturesque relief. Three centuries wear the sting out of a scolding. For

all his bullying, one feels in the autocrat of the Mermaid Tavern the glow of a great, live soul,—a spirit genial and sincere, vested with a gigantic talent amounting almost to genius, and with a ponderous morality falling but a little short of religion. To "the spacious times of great Elizabeth" belongs his hugeness of mind; to a North Country ancestry his roughness of manners and energy of conscience; to London his unlovely realism. "Brought up poorly," the son of hardship developed a burly self-assertion. His lack of university training accounts, if truth must out, for the wide extent of his learning, and also for his parade of it. In that clumsy and ailing body of his, a misfit that his own pen derided, he was never quite at home upon the planet, and his inability to achieve popular success made him the more irritably sensitive to attack. But the man, for all his faults, was a close student and a conscious artist. He had nothing of Shakespeare's divine ease. He labored terribly, and much of what he wrote must be read to-day with responsive labor, if not with weariness and distaste. In tragedy, Jonson is, not to mince matters, a failure, but his satiric comedy, as tart as Shakespeare's romantic comedy is sweet, may well be counted on the side of success. In saying this, nobody means the most of his comedies. Everybody means

> "The Fox, The Alchemist, and The Silent Woman,
> Done by Ben Jonson, and outdone by no man,"

with, perhaps, the addition of the broad farce of "Bartholomew Fair."

"The Silent Woman" was the comedy chosen for the Harvard revival. In one respect, at least, the choice was good. Jonson was a dramatic dogmatist. He believed that a play should be written after the classical form and with ethical intent. The moral of "The Silent Woman" is far to seek, but the unities of time and place are so punctiliously observed that Dryden chose this drama for analysis as "the pattern of a perfect play." The time occupied in the action scarcely exceeds three hours; no more time than would be required for stage presentation if the Harvard professors were not —a bad example to youth—so proficient in cutting. The scene is laid in London, and mainly in one house. The continuity of action is seldom broken. The intrigue aims at settling the estate of old Morose,—whose eccentricity it is that he cannot endure the slightest noise save the sound of

his own voice—upon his nephew Dauphine. Much to the disgust of this would-be heir, Morose entertains thoughts of matrimony, but is beguiled into wedding Epicoene, a maid of lowly courtesies and shy, inaudible replies, who, straightway on the priestly blessing, is violently transformed into anything but a silent woman, and after driving her poor old husband nearly mad by the cumulative uproar of the bridal revelry, is finally exposed by Dauphine, who makes the inheritance a condition of his uncle's release, as a romping boy.

This, if not over exquisite, is all capital fun, and laughter is fed afresh from act to act with the vanities of the Ladies Collegiate, the rash, disastrous boasts of henpecked Captain Otter, and the mutual terror of the two foolish fops. The comedy runs close upon the line of farce. Improbabilities are merrily winked at. Nineteenth century risibles may be a trifle stiff in respect to a mirth that is made up merely of the boisterous and the ludicrous, tiptop extravagance of whimsicality, sheer riot of practical joking; but when the play is acted with such intelligence and spirit as at Sanders Theatre, it is only a very hard-headed critic indeed who can growl at the end of the performance, as one Cambridge worthy was overheard to do, "Now I call this most awful stuff."

Of far more interest than the drama itself, however, was the Elizabethan setting. We looked in vain, to be sure, for a boat across the Charles, nor was the "olde weathercock over Powles steeple" in sight; but the trumpeter sounded his blast from an upper casement as signal that the play was to commence, the flying flag announced to all the Bankside that the fun was in full swing, and the stage of three hundred years ago greeted our eyes. This was an open platform built out toward the audience and backed by a wall rising in two stories to the bannered turret. The wall presented windows, pillared balconies, and, below, two greenroom entrances, with an arras hung between. There were two side-boxes, one for the court—a feature of the private rather than the public theatres of Elizabethan times—and one for the very dolorous musicians. There was no curtain, although allusions to a curtain certainly occur in the plays of the period,—as this, in the conclusion of a tragedy:—

> "Thus end our sorrows with the setting sun:
> Now draw the curtains, for our scene is done."

The stage properties were of the simplest description,—chairs, a table, a lounge, two wardrobes. These were brought in and shifted about by servants of the theatre, reminding one of sueh stage direetions as this in Heywood's "Witehes of Lancashire"—"A bed thrust out, Mrs. Generous in it." There was nothing on this occasion quite so naive, however, as another stage direetion in that same play of Heywood's,—"Enter an invisible spirit." There was a eonventional Prologue in "a black velvet cloak and a bay garland." The stage was somewhat thinly strewn with what the audience strove to regard as green rushes, and the gallants who lay at full length among these, or who sat on the six-penny stools which their gay little pages had secured for them from the theatre boy, reminded one, in their impassive disdain, of a passage from Jonson's "Every Man out of his Humor."

Carlo Buffone.—And when you eome to plays, be humorous, look with a good starch'd face, and ruffle your brow like a new boot, laugh at nothing but your own jests, or else as the noblemen laugh. That's a special graee, you must observe.

Sogliardo.—I warrant you, sir.

Car.—Ay, and sit on the stage and flout, provided you have a good suit.

Sog.—O, I'll have a suit only for that, sir.

The suits of gallants, pages and actors were indeed so bright and good it was hard to realize that such had ever been "human nature's daily food," while the doings of these make-believe Sidneys and Pembrokes and Southamptons were of vivid interest to the galleries as well as to the pit. Whether the fops gambled with one another, or ogled the ladies in the royal box, or smoked in their long pipes the new Virginian tobaeco, they were sure to be, between the acts, the observed of all observers. The dress of the prentices and citizens that thronged (!) the pit was dull in hue, the round woolen caps and fustian blouses making an effective eontrast with the resplendent satin cloaks and silken hose, embroidered doublets and feathered hats, that glistened on the stage. The sober-clad burghers found their hands full with looking after a giddy eity-wife who sat among them, but the jolly prentices had leisure to buy fruit from the eoquettish orange-girl, and penny literature from the tousled little ballad monger, in addition to all the pressing attentions, sometimes in form of apple cores,

sometimes in form of caterwaulings, which they bestowed upon the fops and pages. The Victorian or, in patriotism, Clevelandese fraction of the audience was a little disappointed that the Jacobean fraction behaved, on the whole, so well. It was not ours to see what, for instance, Edmund Gayton saw:—

"I have known upon one of these festivals, but especially at Shrovetide, when the players have been appointed, notwithstanding their bills to the contrary, to act what the major part of the company had a mind to; sometimes "Tamerlaine," sometimes "Jugurth," sometimes "The Jew of Malta," and sometimes parts of all these; and at the last, none of the three taking, they were forced to undress and put off their tragic habits, and conclude the day with "The Merry Milkmaids." And unless this were done, and the popular humor satisfied, as sometimes it so fortuned that the players were refractory, the benches, the tiles, the laths, the stones, the oranges, apples, nuts, flew about most liberally; and as there were mechanics of all professions, who fell every one to his own trade, they dissolved a house in an instant and made a ruin of a stately fabric."

It was not so at Sanders Theatre. "The Silent Woman" met with the favor of the audience, the players were unmolested, and the ingenious erection of architect and scholar was left standing. To so conjure up from the "vasty deep" of time the stage that Shakespeare and his fellows knew is a worthy feat, and one for which we may well confess ourselves heartily grateful. But who will undertake to revive the English drama? When will Harvard graduate a Shakespeare?

Katharine Lee Bates.

EDITORIALS.

I.

COURTEOUS reader, we would revive a good old custom, long since disused, and beg a word with you. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new," and with this April number of the Magazine we of the editorial board of '96 give you hearty greeting. Retrospect and forecast meet in our present. We look back over the honored records of the boards that have been, and augur from their success good fortune for those that are to be. As the burden of responsibility, plus privilege, plus dignity, descends upon us from the graceful shoulders of '95, which have borne it so faithfully and so well, we realize that we stand face to face with a new era of our college life. We are responsible, henceforth, for the standard of Wellesley's literary achievement as expressed in the columns of the Magazine; but we take this opportunity of following one item of the advice bestowed upon us by '95, and state that we cannot bear this responsibility alone. As we enter upon the duties of the editorship, we call upon each friend of Wellesley, be she undergraduate, alumna, or faculty, to give us hearty aid and co-operation in our work. So shall the Magazine fulfill its high purpose, and become in very truth "the exponent of college loyalty and college spirit."

The privileges of the Editorial Ego are of too personal a character to be divulged even to so sympathetic a circle as the readers of the Magazine. Suffice it to say that they are many; and that '95 has most generously transmitted them entire, even to this least but most embarrassing honor, the writing of the first editorial of the month!

Of the dignity we modestly forbear to speak. Although its existence at the present time may perhaps be questioned, we would assure you that it has actually arrived, and is being even now adjusted to the growing needs of '96. But we acknowledge that it is something dim and shadowy, not yet ready for the harsh light of "the common day." For its perfect and final development we refer our readers to the opening of chapel the first Tuesday of the next college year; our only regret being that '95 will not be here to see.

With hearty thanks to the editorial board of '95, which has been our teacher and our guide, and with good greeting once again to you, O gentle

reader of our pages, we leave you to their perusal. We would recommend our failures to your mercy; our successes, if the year shall bring us such, to your appreciation; and our aims, in any possible event, to your highest ideals of the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE.

II.

ALTHOUGH we appreciate thoroughly the spirit of liberality and interest shown by the Committee of Visitors to the Department of Physical Training, we feel strongly that the "chain of letters" scheme of raising money is not in keeping with the dignity of college women. There is probably no one among us who has not been wearied by chain-letter appeals to give money to causes in which we have no vital interest, and to solicit like generosity from our friends. To plead the cause of Wellesley in this way seems to us wholly unwise. We believe that the system itself is at fault, involving, as it must, a large expenditure of stamps and time. If one could imagine all large enterprises being carried on by the chain-letter system, the picture would be suggestive, and the waste incurred would become apparent. It is farthest from our wish to seem ungrateful toward any who have the best interest of the College at heart, and we are glad to acknowledge through the pages of the Magazine the generosity and enterprise which has characterized the work of those interested in Physical Training at Wellesley. In this instance, however, we do not feel that the means is worthy of the end, and would state that the use of the scheme was not sanctioned by the college authorities, and that circulars of this nature have been recalled as far as possible.

III.

THE loan collection of portraits of women, now on exhibition at Copley Hall, is of unusual interest. The exhibition is for the purpose of raising funds for charity, but all lovers of art must consider the privilege of seeing the collection a still greater charity to themselves. The portraits belong to private collections, and many of them are likenesses of women who bore the names which have been famous in New England for generations.

The exhibition is distinctly American, being, in general, portraits of American women by American artists, although one notices half a dozen by Sir Joshua Reynolds, two Gainsboroughs, one or two by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and a few by French artists.

To find forty Copleys in one collection is rare good fortune, especially so when they are found in company with the paintings of Sargent, Washington Allston, William Page, and Sir Thomas Lawrence. The quaint, conventionalized portraits of Colonial dames are finely contrasted with the decidedly modern portraits by Julian Story. Fair Dorothy "Q," whose praises were sung by Oliver Wendell Holmes, seemed pleasantly familiar, as did also the portrait of Alice Freeman Palmer, by Abbott Thayer.

In these degenerate days of cameras, when people order pasteboard likenesses of themselves by the dozen, the dainty fragility of a miniature possesses a peculiar charm,—a charm none the less strong, even in the presence of Copleys and Reynolds. One cannot but rejoice to find many modern faces vying with the stately beauties of the past, nor fail to note that the exquisite delicacy of Malbone is rivaled by the wonderful skill of modern American miniature painters. The collection of Marie Antoinettes and Mary Stuarts is wonderfully beautiful, but they are no more charming than the miniatures of many American society women.

The Copley Hall exhibition possesses an individuality quite distinct from that of the exhibitions at St. Botolph's, the Boston Art Club, and the Art Museum. The diversity displayed in the treatment of the same subject, the number of artists represented, and the historical interest of many of the pictures, contribute to make it one of the most delightful exhibitions of the season.

FREE PRESS.

I.

THERE is a strong feeling on the part of the editorial boards both of '95 and of '96 that Free Press articles should be signed by at least the initials of their writers. It is well understood that the editors do not hold them-

selves responsible for such articles; but that the Free Press stands, or should stand, as the unfettered utterance of personal, or class, or college feeling, as the case may be.

We should be willing to stand by our opinions; to have the courage of our convictions sufficiently, at least, to own them as ours. The Free Press invites discussion, but a discussion carried on over a mysterious opinion floating from no one knows where, is not very satisfactory. Let us inaugurate a reform in this respect. Let us write upon every subject that comes up that will tend toward the bettering of our college life, but let us stand heartily by our own view of the question, whatever that view may be.

The editors take this opportunity of stating that they do not hold themselves bound to publish any anonymous articles. Only the initials need appear in the Magazine, if the writer so wishes; but the editors should in every case know the name of the contributor.

Mary Grace Caldwell, for the '95 Board.
Mary Hollands McLean, for the '96 Board.

II.

There are certain things each member of society owes to society at large: sympathy and participation in human interests, a giving of self in sharing personal experiences with others, are necessary requirements. Besides this element of participation and giving, there is another element quite as much to be desired,—the art of withholding. This truth is one for due reflection on the part of all members of the social body, but especially should it find a dwelling place in the mind of "the girl who lives with her transom open."

It may be difficult at first thought to convince one's self that the sound of high revelry and gay laughter are not an inspiration to the diligent student across the way, who is striving to solve a problem of an obtuse nature, or that the neighbor on the right is ever awakened from a refreshing slumber with anything but thoughts of good-will toward the one who entertains her friends with the transom open. Yet, if the one who is disposed to share her social pleasures with the community at large should reflect for a little, it might occur to her that such is the case.

The reflection carried further might make it appear also that the sound of vivacious conversation or friendly combat issuing from an open transom does not assist materially in fixing the attention upon the work of the class room, nor is it the source of any peculiar pleasure to those passing through the halls. On the contrary, it often is the cause of serious disturbance and annoyance; a disturbance and annoyance that a little thought will remedy.

It is well to consider what personal experiences and pleasures will be met with pleasure by society in general; and when the suspicion arises that the entire community does not care to enter into the hilarious enjoyment of a few, to exercise the gentle art of withholding, by shutting the transom.

S. C. W., '95.

III.

FREE discussion and criticism are necessary to advance, and public opinion must be taken into consideration as an active and potent factor in questions of general import. Public opinion is formed by individual debaters and critics, and therefore the responsibility for public opinion is an individual one.

Those who make up a community and form the opinion that pervades it, should remember two things at least: that discussion and criticism to be of value must be based on a clear understanding of facts; and that one can ill afford, as a personal matter, to utter complaints constructed on false premises or criticize something that does not exist as a grievance. Failure to observe the first is a wrong to the community, for it creates an opinion at variance with the actual state of affairs; carelessness in the second distorts one's entire view of life, creates a false basis for judgment, and may be the source of irremediable error.

It may be true that the half-thoughtless judgment passed by most of us upon persons and affairs has no evil intent, and is but the result of passing thought and momentary grievance on the part of the one who criticises, yet the absence of malicious thought does not remove individual responsibility. We are, each and all, as members of the college or any social community, responsible for prevalent public opinion. Let us endeavor in all discussions and criticisms to see that accepted opinion and actual facts agree.

W., '95.

EXCHANGES.

The exchanges of March come to us abounding in hopeful expectations for a new year with the various announcements of editorial elections. To all we give a hearty greeting, and we stretch the editorial hand across the broad country in genial fellowship and good-will for the touch which brings our colleges nearer together in the common effort of hard-working editors to arouse a strong, progressive college spirit. May we all prosper — and we are very hopeful; for despite the appeals this month in the editorial pages of such good magazines as those of Vassar and Williams, heartrending appeals for interest and contribution rampant in so many exchanges, we yet find that never a month passes which does not bring to us in the exchanges some good work in clear, firm essay and criticism, some bright original stories, or new thought in verse.

Of all these departments of college literature, that of the short story is perhaps the most fruitful. This month we note especially two short sketches in the *Vassar Miscellany*, "By Nature's Law," and "The Speaking of Grandma Karr," both exponents of the unfailing sway of human nature. The *Amherst* and the *Williams Literary Monthlies* contain several good stories, while the *Michigan Inlander* has its usual number of "Co-ed" tales.

In many magazines there is a noticeable decrease in the number of the long essays, and this month finds very little that can be called the "heavy article." "An Exponent of the Best in Realism," in *The Mount Holyoke*, is a well-written appreciation of "Characteristics" by Dr. Weir Mitchell; to be compared with this is the leading article of the *Smith College Monthly*,—a discussion of the modern novel, under the title of "The Preacher *versus* the Artist." Among the lighter essays "Bibliohagi," in the *Williams Literary Monthly*, deserves mention as a bright treatment of the various species of the "bookeater," or the man who "resembles, reflects, in fact *is*, what he has read." Another readable article is a distinctly well-written sketch of George William Curtis, under the title of "A Belated Knight Errant," concluded in the February *Inlander*, where we also find a poem which we think worthy of mention, "The Moorish Girl."

The month's verse is meager, for we grieve to confess that the college rhymster of late deals not often with abstract things, and his verse reflects with unswerving faithfulness a certain calendar coloring. He thrills in uni-

son, all over the land, with the beauty of autumn and the harvest; he turns his thoughts to the dainty form of the snowflake, and chimes them with ye merry Christmas bells; breathes his passion into a valentine; but in March, that uncertain time between times, he is assuredly at loss for a subject. How truly we are the "slaves of fad and fashion," the editor on a wild quest for verse in the month of March fully realizes. It is not spontaneous.

After much search we clip the following: —

THE VIRGIN PRAIRIE.

A silent sea of solid swells and crests,
Across whose barren wastes the flight of time
Has passed with noiseless wings, and left no sign
Of human habitation; no bequests
Of beauty, culture, art, or native grace.
This swelling ridge of earth on which I stand,—
A single wave of one vast, rolling land,
That meets my gaze where'er I turn my face,—
A soundless, treeless wilderness; it seems
Fresh from the hand of God, without the stain
Of human sin, and suffering, and shame;
A land of future promise and of dreams.
Now, like mid-ocean, it appears to me
Only a type of God's immensity.

—*Harvard Advocate.*

WHO KNOWS.

If when the day has been sped with laughter,
Mirth and song as the light wind blows,
A sob and a sigh come quickly after—
Who knows?

If eyes that smile till the day's completeness
Droop a little at evening's close,
And tears cloud over their tender sweetness—
Who knows?

If lips that laugh while the sun be shining,
Curved as fair as the leaf of a rose,
Quiver with grief at day's declining—
Who knows?

If the heart that seems to know no aching
While the fair, gold sunlight gleams and glows,
Under the stars be bitterly breaking—
Who knows?

—*The Kalends.*

LAMENT OF A FOUNTAIN PEN.

Scribble, scribble, night and day,
My lady has a deal to say.
Scratching, scratching, day and night,
My lady has a deal to write.

Up and down in ceaseless motion,
My inky tears would fill an ocean.
Oh, is there no revenge to try ?
Fine-pointed thought ! I can run dry !

—*Vassar Miscellany.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Technique of Sculpture, by William Ordway Partridge. Ginn & Company, Boston.

The name of William Ordway Partridge on the title-page of a book at once commands the attention of a reader of his work on American Art. The present tasteful little volume, having as its theme, "Technique in Sculpture," begins with a history of sculpture, which, though characterized by the author as "brief," occupies more than half of the volume. Mr. Partridge traces the growth of the art from the days of ancient Egypt, dwelling at some length on sculpture in America. This half of the volume seems to us far less valuable and original than does the other, dealing, as it does, with a subject much more fully treated in books readily accessible to almost any student.

When, however, Mr. Partridge once reaches the true "Technique of Sculpture," he is entertaining as well as instructive. He treats first of the studio, its requisites and luxuries, and of the tools necessary to the sculptor, describing the method of manufacture of the necessary appliances with a clearness truly delightful to the impecunious young sculptor. He then passes, rapidly but lucidly, on from the simplest relief-modeling in clay to the large model statue studied from life, carefully instructing as to the manufacture of the "skeleton," "butterflies," etc., and emphasizing at every turn the necessity for thorough, conscientious work. He discusses cast making and bronze casting, and finally cutting in marble. Here he destroys an illusion of the uninitiated by showing that the sculptor actually does almost no carving, but leaves this part of the labor to the workman. Mr. Partridge closes with some useful information upon art study abroad and at home.

The appendix contains a list of sculptors and their principal works, a full bibliography of the subject, a catalogue, and slight criticism of the leading art publications in the country, and finally a list of bronze foundries.

Taken as a whole, the little book fulfils admirably the purpose which the author indicates in his preface. Illustrated fully and clearly, as it is, it furnishes the most explicit of guides for the beginner; and cannot fail to prove attractive, both by reason of its pleasing exterior and chatty, entertaining contents, to the reader ignorant of sculpture.

Alfred de Musset, by L. Oscar Kuhns. Ginn & Co.

Unlike Mr. Partridge, Professor Kuhns aims to furnish aid to the advanced student. In his "Selections from the Poetry and Comedies of Alfred de Musset," he assumes for the student a somewhat extended knowledge of French, and above all a desire for accurate and detailed study of Musset. Professor Kuhns has selected the acknowledged best of Musset's poems, "Souvenir," "La Nuit dc Decembre," "Lettre à Lamartine," "L'espoir en Dieu," and, best of all, "La Nuit de Mai," and gives them entire; he includes also, "Lucie," "La Nuit d'Octobre," "La Nuit de Aout," "A la Malibran," and parts of "Rolla" and "La Coupe et Les Levres." To these poems he adds three of Musset's comedies, "A quoi rêvent les jeunes filles," "On ne badine pas avec l'amour," and "Un Caprice," unsurpassed perhaps, in their way, by anything in the French language.

Professor Kuhns prefaces his selections by a short sketch of Musset's life, which sketch is distinguished by its sympathetic insight into the real beauties of a character which was in the main characterized by weakness, vacillation, and ungoverned passions. His genial and openly expressed admiration does not, however, blind him to the weakness which does really exist in most of Musset's work; but this admiration or something (one cannot help wondering what) wholly unfits him to recognize the good in the work of *Victor Hugo*. The careers and writings of the two contemporaries frequently come into contrast in Professor Kuhns's pages, and nowhere does this contrast fail to be detrimental to Victor Hugo. The author treats George Sand very indulgently, however, in his reference to her *liaison* with Musset; and everywhere, except in the instances just mentioned, takes the broadest and most forbearing of views.

The notes to this edition appeal to us as in every way superior. They emphasize the study of the selections rather as literature than as language

lessons; and are particularly rich in elucidations of allusions to Musset's private literary experience. Recognizing as he does Musset's indebtedness to various sources, Professor Kuhns strives to bring before the student parallel passages from the French, German, Italian, and English, which probably influenced the writer. Professor Kuhns says that he aims to stimulate the student to the study of French from a literary standpoint, and above all to aid him in the comparative study of literature. Toward this goal the present volume cannot fail to be a great advance.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Technique of Sculpture, by William Ordway Partridge. Ginn & Co., Boston. Cloth, 90 cents.

Alfred de Musset, by L. Oscar Kuhns. Ginn & Co., Boston. Cloth, $1.10.

Selections from P. K. Rosegger's Waldheimat, edited by Laurence Fossler, A.M. Ginn & Co. Cloth, 35 cents.

SOCIETY NOTES.

A regular meeting of Phi Sigma was held March 2, in Society Hall. The subject of the second semester's work is "Dante." The first meeting was devoted to Dante's Life and Times, and the Vita Nuova.

I. Dante's Relation to his Age . . . Julia H. Lyman.
II. The Influence of Dante's Personal Experience upon his Art . . Susan D. Huntington.
Presentation: "Beatrice de Portinari, on All Saints' Day" . . .
III. A Critical Study of the Vita Nuova . May Woodin.
Recitation: Vita Nuova, Section XXXV. Browning's "One Word More" . Alice Schouler.
IV. A Comparison of Dante and Beatrice with Petrarch and Laura . . Martha Dalzell.

Miss Longley, '94, Miss Stanwood, '94, and Miss Eastman, '91, were present at the meeting.

A regular meeting of Phi Sigma was held March 23, in Society Hall. The following programme was given on Dante's "Inferno":—

I.	The Structure of the Divine Comedy	Anna C. Witherle.
II.	The Cosmology of Dante	Mary E. Chase.
III.	Dante's Descent to the Pit of Hell	Louise C. Warren.
	Music	Martha Dalzell.
IV.	The System of Punishments	Helen James.

Mrs. Hart, '82, was present at the meeting.

The regular meeting of Society Zeta Alpha was held on March 16. The subject of the meeting was The South, and the programme was as follows:—

The Poor Whites of Tennessee, from Charles Egbert Craddock	Martha Hale Shackford.
Old Virginia, from Thomas Nelson Page	Elizabeth Hale Peale.
The Trappist Monks of Kentucky, from James Lane Allen	Agnes Louise Caldwell.
The Creoles, from George W. Cable	Mary Montgomery.

The regular programme meeting of the Shakespeare Society was held in Shakespeare Hall, Saturday evening, February 23. The subject of the evening's study was "The Winter's Tale." The programme consisted of:—

I.	Shakespeare News	Florence Bennett.
II.	A Plot Study of The Winter's Tale	Grace Waymouth.
III.	Dramatic Representation: The Winter's Tale: Act IV. Scene II.	
IV.	"The Winter's Tale" and "Othello"; A Comparative Study	Effie Work.
V.	Beauties in the Text of the Play	Ada M. Belfield.
VI.	Discussion: The Scenes of The Winter's Tale	
VII.	Dramatic Representation: Act IV. Scene II.	

Regular meeting of Agora Society, held March 16.

Impromptu speeches.

I. The Woman's National Council at Washington . . . Miss Thompson, Miss Davis.
II. The Proposed Monetary Conference . Miss Zeigler.
III. The China-Japan Treaty . . . Miss Smith.

The following programme was then presented:—

I. Support and Government of the Public Schools . . . . . Annie E. Cobb.
II. Curricula . . . . . Louise McNair.
III. The School in Politics . . Abigail H. Laughlin.

Miss Julia Colles, '97, was taken into the society.

On March 23 Professor Wenkebach gave a paper on "The German Cities."

The regular meeting of the Classical Society was held on Friday evening, March 22. The subject for the evening was "Cicero," and the following programme was given:—

I. Cicero in Public Life . . . . Caroline J. Peck.
II. Recitation: Impeachment of Verres. Chapter LXVI. . . . Grace B. Townsend.
III. Cicero at Home . . . . . Mary E. Chapin.
IV. Translation from the Poet Archias . Florence Hastings.

On Saturday, March 2, Professor Lord, Miss Kahn, and Miss Haynes entertained the society at College Hall.

At a meeting of Tau Zeta Epsilon, held Friday evening, March 15, Miss Ellen M. Cushing, '96, Miss Jessie M. Durrell, '97, and Miss Lulu J. Holden, Sp., were initiated into the society. The regular meeting of the society was held Saturday evening, March 23. The programme was as follows:—

The Landscape Painters.

I. Life and Work of Turner . . . May Kellogg.
II. Work of Constable . . . . Alberta Welch.
III. Development of Landscape Art since Constable . . . . . Lucy Willcox.

The Animal Painters.

I. Work of George Morland . . . Alice Norcross.
II. Work of Landseer . . . . Warrene Piper.
III. Breton Riviere . . . . . Bessie Gates.

COLLEGE BULLETIN.

Saturday, April 13.—Lecture. Dr. Edward Everett Hale.
Sunday, April 14.—Easter.
Monday, April 15.—Reading. Miss Ida Benfey.
Saturday, April 20.—Professor Churchill.
Sunday, April 21.—Rev. Thos. Gulick preaches.
Monday, April 22.—Concert.
Saturday, April 27.—Temperance Debate.
Monday, April 29.—Lecture. Mrs. Livermore.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Miss Ella Willcox, accompanied by several members of the class in Journalism, made a tour of inspection through one of the large newspaper offices in Boston, on Monday, March 4.

The Germania orchestra gave a concert on Monday evening, March 4.

Miss Nichols, '95, who has been compelled to leave college because of ill health, spent Tuesday, March 5, at the College.

The delicate consideration shown by the '95 "Legenda" Board in advertising the mislaid manuscript poem, was actuated doubtless by the memory of their own treasured notebook, so recently lost—and found.

Mr. Humphrey Ward, Miss Ward, and Mrs. Palmer, accompanied by friends from Boston, visited Wellesley on Thursday, March 7.

It is said that when the constitution adopted by the Class of '98 is made known, there will be a revision of the faulty documents which have served the other classes in the capacity of constitution. But the master stroke is the provision whereby four fifths of the class may remain comfortably at home while the other fifth manages the weighty affairs of business.

On Saturday evening, March 9, the Agora Society gave, at its annual open meeting, a presentation of a city common council. The meeting was opened in the usual manner, by impromptu speeches on topics of the day. Miss Parker, '96, acted as chairman of the council; the chief subject of debate was, "Shall the city of Middlesex control its gas works?" The speakers were: Miss Haskell, Miss Young, '96, Miss Hadley, '96, Miss Bixby, '97. The presentation was highly realistic, the characters were well carried out, and the audience was filled with pride in contemplating the dignity of Democratic institutions. After the council adjourned, an informal reception was held.

In anticipation of the eclipse of the moon on Sunday night, Prof. Whiting gave an interesting lecture on "Eclipses," Saturday afternoon, March 9.

The Junior Class gave a reception to the Class of '98, on Monday afternoon, March 11. An original play, called "Youth 'Gainst Time and Age," was presented. The *dramatis personæ* were: Miss Abigail Simpkins, Miss Pullen; Dorothea Hamilton, Miss Adams; Ann Mehitable Jones, Miss Burnett; Squire Smithers, Miss Caldwell; Lawrence Suglesworth, Miss Willis; Josh Green, Miss Butler.

On Monday evening, March 11, Prof. Wm. Davis, of Harvard University, delivered a lecture on "The Problems of the Weather Maps."

Mrs. Capron, formerly a missionary in India, gave a Bible talk at the usual Thursday evening prayer meeting, March 14.

A most interesting lecture was given by Mr. George P. Baker, Saturday morning, March 16, on the "Baconian Drama." To those who were to have the good fortune to see the presentation of "The Silent Woman," at Harvard, the lecture was a delightful introduction.

Miss A. F. Cummings, a missionary from South Africa, addressed the Missionary Society on Sunday evening, March 17.

The usual Saturday afternoon lecture was given by Miss Kendall, the subject being "The Government of our Cities."

On Monday evening, March 18, a vocal and instrumental concert was given. The vocalists were Miss Emma S. Howe, Miss Mabel Barber, Mrs.

William T. Clark, and Mrs. Robert D. Carter. The violinist and pianist were Miss Marie T. Nichols and Miss Alice M. Wade.

With the kindly though unasked assistance of the Sophomores, the class of '98 succeeded at last in electing their president, Miss Frances Hoyt. The other officers are: Miss Caveny, vice-president; Miss Martha Dalzell, recording secretary; Miss Higgins, corresponding secretary; Miss Serviss, treasurer; Miss Garwood and Miss Brooks, first and second historians; Miss Malone and Miss Hoge, factotums. The members of the executive committee are: Miss Scott, Miss Howells, Miss Doyle.

A reception was given by the Freeman Seniors to their Junior and Senior friends on Saturday evening, March 16.

On Saturday evening, March 16, the Amherst College Glee and Banjo Clubs gave a concert in the Wellesley Town Hall.

Professor Fulton, head of the department of elocution at the State University of Ohio, and also at the Ohio Wesleyan University, visited the elocution department on March 22.

President Smith, of Trinity College, Hartford, preached in the chapel on Sunday, March 24.

Professor Hart, of Cambridge, visited Wellesley on Saturday, March 23. Mrs. Hart, a former Wellesley student, accompanied him.

Professor Moulton, of Chicago University, who was to give lectures on Saturday and Monday evenings, March 23 and 25, was forced to cancel his engagement. Professor Willcox, of Cornell University, lectured on Monday evening in his place. The subject was "Some Aspects of the Negro Problem."

An announcement has been made recently that Wellesley is to have a Summer School, to be conducted by Professor Webster and Professor Hayes. The following courses are offered: Courses conducted by Professor Webster: (1) Comparative Grammar of Greek and Latin. Three hours per week. This course is planned with special reference to the needs of teachers of Greek and Latin. (2) Course of Readings in German Authors. Three hours per week. Selections will be read from standard writers on literary and scientific subjects. The object of this course is to gain facility in understanding German without translation. (3) Principles of English Composition, with

daily practice in writing. Three hours per week. Lectures, discussions, and criticism of themes. (4) Historical Grammar of the English Language. Three hours per week. Illustrated by select readings. Courses conducted by Professor Hayes: (1) Methods of teaching Algebra and Geometry. Two hours per week. Especially designed for teachers who are preparing students for college. (2) Principles of Inference. Three hours per week. A course in deductive and inductive Logic, with illustrations from the writings of Newton, Darwin, Herschel, Lyell, and others. (3) One of the following subjects: Trigonometry, Analytic Geometry, Calculus, General Astronomy. Three hours per week. For information concerning Terms, Boarding, Accommodations, etc., address Summer School, Wellesley, Mass., Box 330.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

The Boston Branch of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ held a meeting March 13, at 3.30 P. M., at Boston University, 12 Somerset Street. Mr. Robert A. Woods, of the Andover House, told of lecture courses and night schools already available in Boston, and showed a point at which he has found a *real need* of University Extension Methods. Mr. William Cranston Lawton, staff lecturer of the American Society for the Extension of University Teaching, spoke on University Extension Methods in general, and gave particular attention to the ways and means of introducing them into Boston. The April meeting will be given up entirely to members for consideration of the subjects presented at the February and March meetings, with a view to deciding upon a definite plan of action.

On March 2, 1895, the Boston Wellesley College Club held a meeting at Hotel Brunswick. After a short business meeting luncheon was served. The club was fortunate in having as guests Miss Irwin, Dean of Radcliffe, Mrs. W. W. Goodwin of Cambridge, and Mrs. Irvine, all of whom added very greatly to the afternoon's enjoyment.

The Wellesley Club of New York has arranged an entertainment which it is hoped will be of material benefit to the Students' Aid Society of Wellesley College. Mr. William Winter, Dramatic Editor of the *New*

York Tribune, author of "Shakespeare's England," "Gray Days and Gold," etc., whose literary reputation is world-wide, kindly consented to give an informal lecture on the topic, "An Hour with the Actors," Saturday afternoon, March 16, at 2.45 o'clock. The lecture was delivered in the rooms of the Women's University Club, 23 West Forty-fourth Street, near Fifth Avenue. Mr. Winter, in his generous interest in our cause, gave the lecture without charge. Through the kindness of one of the members the audience room was secured, and tea was served after the lecture. Almost the entire proceeds of the lecture will, therefore, be turned into the treasury of the Students' Aid Society, whose needs are imperative. Committee: Mrs. Franklin S. Billings, Mrs. John H. Raven, Miss Martha McFarland, Mrs. Hector M. Hitchings, Mrs. George A. Plimpton, Mrs. Walter L. Hervey, Mrs. Edwin F. See.

The Southern Wellesley Association held an open meeting in Louisville, February 12, at the residence of Mrs. Mary Young Allison. Miss Caroline L. Williamson, of Chicago, the Woman's Club of Louisville, and the Kentucky Vassar Association, were the guests of the afternoon. Miss Williamson gave a talk upon College Settlement Work, after which light refreshments were served, and the guests met Miss Williamson informally.

The St. Louis Wellesley Club holds monthly meetings, and has followed a regular programme. The subject for this year is The Work of American Women.

Prof. Vida D. Scudder expects to return to America in April. She spent March in England.

Miss Malina A. Gilkey, '76–'78, is librarian in the Mercantile Library of St. Louis.

Miss Estelle Hurll, '82, spent Sunday, March 24, at College.

A letter received from the college missionary, Dr. Julia Bissell, '86, is dated "Ahmednagar, India, Jan. 31, 1895." It tells of her arrival at Bombay, January 18, and of a few days' visit there, and of her welcome by missionaries and former pupils when she reached Ahmednagar. The following extract with regard to the opening of her work will be interesting to her Wellesley friends: "Before the few medicines I brought with me from

America and from London were opened, a few sick ones began to come for help, and have been doing so ever since. I did not intend to begin work so soon, but it was impossible to refuse the children in our schools and the babies whom the women brought to me. So, for the present, I give out a few doses between eight and nine A. M., and again from ten to twelve or one, as the case may be. The wife of the Assistant Judge of this city came to see me this afternoon professionally. If I can help her it will be a great thing for this medical work. My patients have been chiefly babies, with some of the fathers and mothers also, and two missionaries. To-day I must have had twenty patients in all. After to-morrow I shall have an educated young man to help me in putting up powders and keeping records. We have not yet taken steps to look up a building in town anywhere. It probably will not be an easy matter to find just what we want; or, having found, to secure it; and, having secured, to furnish and fit it perfectly. However, it does not all have to be done in a day."

Miss Jessie E. Allen, '87, is teaching in Hosmer Hall, St. Louis, Missouri.

Miss Anna Vieths, '87–'88, is teaching music at her home, St. Louis.

Mrs. Hannah Case Jarvis, '87–'89, and Miss Eline Vieths, '87–'88, are teaching physical culture in St. Louis.

Miss Maud Crane, '89, is spending the winter in New York.

Mrs. Mary Parker Callahan, formerly of '89, is living in Louisville, Ky. She has a daughter, Elizabeth, about six months old.

The address of Mrs. Ella Hatch Lewis, '89, is 142 Rodney Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Her husband is pastor of the New England Congregational Church.

Miss Caroline R. Fletcher, '89, is teaching at Abbott Academy, Andover, Mass.

Miss Flora E. Hidden, '89, spent the summer of '94 in Europe.

Miss Clara B. Mowry, '89, is teaching in the Melrose High School.

The address of Mrs. Jessie Morgan Eaken, '89, is 973 North Leavitt Street, Chicago, Ill.

Miss Emilie de Rochemont, '89, is teaching in Wakefield, Mass.

The engagement of Miss Bertha Stowell, '89, is announced.

The engagement of Miss Emma Teller, '89, is announced.

Miss Clara Look, '90, is at Colonel Parker's School, Englewood, Ill.

Miss Ethel Glover, '90, has returned to Washington from the University of Chicago.

The address of Mrs. Evarts Ewing Munn, '87–'90, is Benicia Arsenal, Benicia, Cal., where Major Munn is post surgeon. Benicia is thirty miles from San Francisco, and Mrs. Munn hopes that Wellesley people in California will hunt her up.

Miss Louise Brown, '92, gave an illustrated lecture on "Japan," to a working girls' club, March 18. Miss Brown is studying German.

Miss Florence Converse, '92, is giving a course of lectures on "Browning," in New Orleans.

Miss Marion Day, '91–'92, spent the winter in St. Augustine, Florida.

Miss Cornelia Green, '92, spent Sunday, March 24, with Miss Mary Lauderburn, '90, in Wellesley.

Miss Maude Ryland Keller, '92, has recently visited in New York and Philadelphia. Miss Keller spent Sunday, March 17, with Miss Florence Hoopes, '93.

Miss Alice Newman, '92, and Miss Sarah Bixby, '94, took an interesting trip through Chinatown, visiting the Joss House and homes of some Chinese women.

Miss Candace Stimson, '92, has been elected a member of the local executive committee of the New York College Settlement.

Miss Stimson and Miss Grace Underwood, '92, are doing social work, of which boys' clubs and mothers' meetings form a large feature.

Miss Alice Hamlin, '93, is studying at Cornell University.

Mrs. Lucinda Prince, Sp., '91–'93, has gone to Europe for four months.

Miss Winifred Meyer, has recently joined Miss Emily Foley, in Paris.

Miss Isabel Campbell, '94, recently gave "The Smith Family" in her church.

Miss Edith Crapo, '94, has been visiting Mrs. Ruth Toof Brown, formerly '94, in Memphis, Tenn.

DENISON HOUSE.

The Settlement sends many thanks to the members of the Wellesley Glee Club who sang at the rooms Thursday evening, March 14. The singing was greatly enjoyed, and the heart of the Wellesley resident filled with pride when one of the neighbors remarked to her, "We always know there's going to be something nice when we hear that the Wellesley young ladies are coming."

Miss Sue Huntington, Wellesley, spent two weeks in March at Denison House.

Miss Ada S. Woolfolk, '91, who is assistant head worker at the New York Settlement this year, is visiting the Boston Settlement during her vacation.

A class in penmanship has recently been started by one of the residents of Denison House at the Old Colony Chapel. The pupils are women gar ment-workers, who have not time to attend a night school.

BORN.

Nov. 5, 1894, a son, Arthur, to Sylvia Foote Gosnell, '89. Address, 133 Clifton St., Rochester, N. Y.

At 23 Clifton Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y., on Dec., 16, 1894, a son, Pierrepont Edwards, to Mary Edwards Twitchell, '89.

January 29, 1895, in St. Louis, Mo., a son to Hannah Case Jarvis, '87–'89.

DIED.

At Le Mars, Iowa, Feb. 21, 1895, William Robinson, only son of Edson N. Coleman and Emily Robinson Coleman, '86, aged one year and five months.

Jameson & Knowles Company,

LEADING STYLES IN HIGH-GRADE

Boots, Shoes, and Slippers.

Specialties: Custom Work, Party Shoes

COLLEGE DISCOUNT.

No. 15 Winter Street, Boston, U. S. A.

H. H. CARTER & CO.

Stationers and Engravers

WILL ALLOW

20 per cent Discount

ON PURCHASES

Made by Wellesley College Students.

No. 3 Beacon Street, BOSTON.

YOUR attention is called to our stock of

Gold and Silver Stick Pins!
Birthday Gifts!

Souvenir Spoons, Souvenir Cups, Hair Ornaments.

Toilet and Desk Furnishings in Sterling and Plated Silver; Marble and Iron Clocks, $6.00 to $20.00.
Stock in all departments always complete.

A. Stowell & Co., 24 Winter Street, Boston.

Cotrell & Leonard

Albany, New York,

Makers of

Caps and Gowns

To the

American.. Colleges.

Illustrated... Catalogue and Particulars on Application.

Artists' Materials...

Drafting Instruments.
Art Studies and Books.

Oil and Water Colors, Crayons, Materials For Tapestry, Painting, etc.

Wadsworth, Howland & Co.

(Incorporated)

82 and 84 Washington Street, Boston.

Branch Store in the .....
Grundmann Studios, Clarendon Street, Near St. James Avenue.

Principal Factories .....
Malden, Mass., and South Paris, Maine.

FINEST GRADE

Mackintoshes and Cravenettes,

$2.00 TO $25.00.

Prices 25 per cent lower than Dry Goods Stores.

. . . Special 10 per cent to Wellesley Students . . .

RUBBER GOODS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Metropolitan Rubber Co.,

CLEAVE & KRIM,

49 SUMMER STREET. ***BOSTON.***

WALNUT HILL SCHOOL.

Wellesley Preparatory,

NATICK, MASS.

For circular address the Principals,

Miss Charlotte H. Conant, B.A.

Miss Florence Bigelow, M.A.

Gloves and Veiling.

MISS M. F. FISK,

44 TEMPLE PLACE,

Calls the attention of the Young Ladies to her stock of Kid, Undressed Kid, and Dog Skin Gloves that are suitable for all occasions, also her very becoming stock of Veilings, and solicits their patronage, and will give to any of the students 6 per cent discount.

HOTEL BELLEVUE,

EUROPEAN PLAN,

17 TO 23 BEACON STREET . . BOSTON.

Special attention given to Club Dinners and Receptions.

RATES FROM $1 TO $5 PER DAY.

TWO FIRST-CLASS CAFES IN HOTEL.

J. W. SMITH . . . . . PROPRIETOR.

LAWRENCE, WILDE & CO.,

Manufacturers of First-class

FURNITURE

AND

Interior Decorations,

Nos. 38 to 48 Cornhill,

WM. H. HULL.
GEO. B. DARROW.
CHAS. P. DYER.

. . . BOSTON.

BOOKS in all Departments of Literature . .

can be found at our store. The largest assortment in Boston of the popular and standard authors. Also a large variety at special reductions. Large variety of Bibles, Prayer Books, Booklets, etc.

We are noted for low prices.

DE WOLFE, FISKE & CO.,

The Archway Bookstore,

361 AND 365 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

SHREVE, CRUMP & LW CO.

Jewelers AND Silversmiths,

147 TREMONT STREET, CORNER OF WEST.

Fine Stationery. Card Engraving.

Programs and Invitations, both printed and engraved. Class Day Progams a specialty.

Class Pins designed and manufactured to order.

Parasols and Umbrellas made to order, recovered and repaired.

FINEST ROADBED ON THE CONTINENT.

Boston and Albany

..ONLY..

First Class Through Car Route

TO THE WEST.

Through Trains Leave Boston as follows: —

8.30 a. m. (ex. Sunday) Day Express.
10.30 a. m. (daily) Chicago Special.
2.00 p. m. (daily) North Shore Limited.
3.00 p. m. (ex. Sundays) St. Louis and Chicago Express.
7.15 p. m. (daily) Pacific Express.

SPRINGFIELD LINE

..FOR..

Hartford, New Haven AND New York.

LEAVE BOSTON.		ARRIVE NEW YORK.
9.00 a. m.	(ex. Sunday)	3.30 p. m.
11.00 a. m.	(ex. Sunday)	5.30 p. m.
4.00 p. m.	(daily)	10.00 p. m.
11.00 p. m.	(daily)	6.41 a. m.

For tickets, information, time-tables, etc., apply to nearest ticket agent.

A. S. HANSON,
General Passenger Agent.

WRIGHT & DITSON.

New Tennis Catalogue is free; now ready, and will be sent to any address.

Our General Athletic Catalogue will be issued April 1st.

Special rates to Wellesley Students.

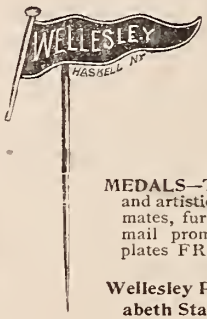
WRIGHT & DITSON,

No. 344 WASHINGTON STREET,
(Near Milk),

BOSTON, MASS.

HENRY C. HASKELL

11 John Street, New York,



Designer and Maker

Society Badges,
Fraternity Pins,
Rings, Emblem
Jewels of every
Description.

MEDALS—Trophies for presentation, from original and artistic designs. Special designs, with estimates, furnished on application. Inquiries by mail promptly attended to. We send design plates FREE upon request.

Wellesley Pins can be obtained from Miss Elizabeth Stark, Business Manager of Magazine.

The Dana Hall School,

WELLESLEY, MASS.

Pupils are prepared for regular or for special courses at Wellesley College.

Price for Board and Tuition, $500 for the school year; Tuition for day pupils, $125.

For further information address the Principals:

JULIA A. EASTMAN,
SARAH P. EASTMAN.

Wellesley Pharmacy,

CHARLES W. PERRY,
Proprietor.

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

Physicians' Perscriptions a Specialty.

CUTTER & CUTTER,

MANUFACTURERS OF

TRUNKS AND BAGS,

No. 22 Chauncy Street,

BOSTON.

DISCOUNT TO WELLESLEY STUDENTS.

Novelties in Crêpe

FOR EASTER GIFTS AND DECORATION

in Purest White and Softest Violet.

OUR ART DEPARTMENT

is more attractive than ever before; effects now obtained different and ahead of any past efforts.

UNTIL EASTER.

DENNISON'S,

No. 28 Franklin Street, Boston.

For Fine Millinery

Visit . . .

GEORGE M. WETHERN

No. 21 Temple Place,
Boston.

CORNS

DR. F. A. THOMPSON
(P. KENISON)
CHIROPODIST & MANICURE PARLORS,
SKILFUL OPERATORS ONE PRICE ONLY
CORNS, 25 CENTS;
IN-GROWING NAILS, 50 CTS; MANICURING, 75 CTS.
PLASTER FOR TENDER FEET, 25 CTS.
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN'S ROOMS
ENTIRELY SEPARATE.
19 WINTER STREET.

The Senior Class Photographer is . . .

Charles W. Hearn,

No. 392 Boylston Street,
Boston, Mass.

Arrange dates with the Senior Class Photograph Committee:

Miss Bertha Morrill.
Miss Caroline Jacobus.
Miss Sophie Voorhees.

Also Photographer to . . .

Amherst College	'95
Dartmouth College	'95
Mt. Holyoke College	'95
B. U. College of Liberal Arts	'95
Lasell Seminary	'95
Wesleyan University	'95

Etc., etc.

The Standard for All.

Columbia Bicycles

Highest Quality of All.

Have you feasted your eyes upon the beauty and grace of the 1895 Columbias? Have you tested and compared them with all others? Only by such testing can you know how fully the Columbia justifies its proud title of the "Standard for the World." Any model or equipment your taste may require, **$100**

POPE MFG. CO.
HARTFORD, Conn.

Boston, New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Providence, Buffalo.

An Art Catalogue of these famous wheels and of Hartfords, $80 $60, free at Columbia agencies, or mailed for two 2-cent stamps.

Leonard N. Howe, D.M.D.

HOTEL PELHAM,

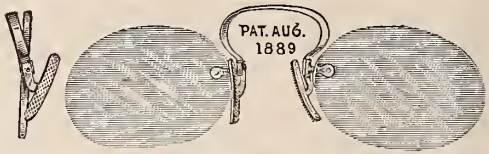
Corner Boylston and Tremont Streets,

BOSTON.

LATE INSTRUCTOR OF OPERATIVE AND SURGICAL DENTISTRY IN HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

Office Hours, 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

EYE GLASSES



Oculists' prescriptions correctly filled.
Glasses carefully fitted and adjusted to insure nose comfort.

Ten per cent discount to Wellesley Students.

LORGNETTES.
THERMOMETERS.
CHATELAINE CASES.

All kinds of spectacle repairing neatly executed.
References given.

CHARLES W. HURLL, Jr., Practical Optician,
409 Washington St., (between Winter and Bromfield Sts.)
BOSTON.

···FINE CARPETS···

THE FINEST LINE OF SPECIALTIES IN

AXMINSTERS, WILTONS, AND BRUSSELS CARPETS

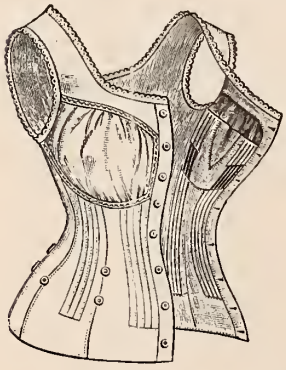
EVER OFFERED BY US. THESE ARE ALL OUR PATTERNS, WITH A FULL LINE OF THE FAMOUS LONDON FURNISHER,

WILLIAM MORRIS'S Patterns in Carpets and Hammersmith Rugs.

We feel that our Fall Stock will bear the Closest Inspection.

JOEL GOLDTHWAIT & COMPANY,

Nos. 163 to 169 Washington Street, Boston.



KID GLOVES, CORSETS,

Muslin Underwear, Equipoise Waists,

Ribbons and Laces.

STAMPING DONE AT SHORT NOTICE.

J. B. LEAMY, Walcott Building, NATICK, MASS.

WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE

OF THE

NEW YORK INFIRMARY.

Session '94–'95 opens October 1, 1894. Four years, Graded Course. Instruction by Lectures, Clinics, Recitations and practical work, under supervision in Laboratories and Dispensary of College, and in U. S. Infirmary. Clinics and operations in most of the City Hospitals and Dispensaries open to Women Students.

For Catalogues, etc., address

EMILY BLACKWELL, M. D.,

321 East 15th Street, New York.

COLUMBIA BICYCLE.

SHE: When we got our wheels last year we didn't suppose there could be any better ones, did we?

HE: No; but the '95's are ahead of them. They are lighter, and at the same time stronger, because of the new nickel-steel tubing.

SHE: The saddles are more comfortable than ever before.

HE: Yes, and the wheels are safer, too. The guards, rubber pedals, foot rests, and brake work make them models for safety and comfort.

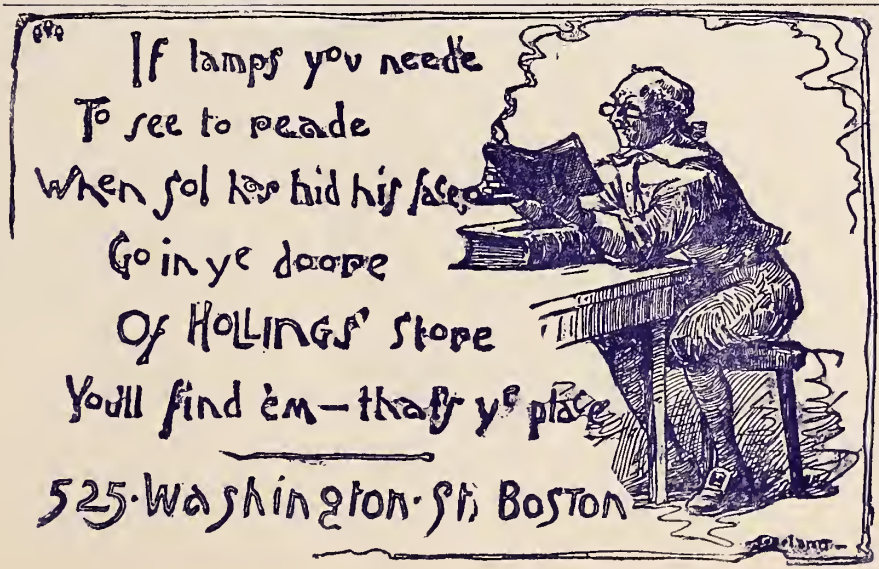
SHE: And is it true that the price has been reduced when the wheels are so much improved?

HE: Yes; the company has established the standard price at $100, which must insure a tremendous increase in the number used.

DOMINICK DUCKETT, AGENT,
AND INSTRUCTOR IN RIDING.

Free Instruction to purchasers.
All orders promptly executed.
Catalogues free on application.

WELLESLEY COLLEGE,
WELLESLEY.



Fine Lamps with Shades to match.

In every department of our store we allow Wellesley Professors and Students a discount, generally 10 per cent.

During the year you will notice many attractive goods which your friends at home would be glad to see. We shall be glad to send samples at your request.

Dress Goods, Hosiery, Neckwear, Millinery, Underwear and Art Embroideries

are perhaps some of the departments most interesting to students, but the discount applies to every department.

R. H. STEARNS & CO.,

Tremont Street and Temple Place - - BOSTON, MASS.

Alland

Formerly Designer for Celeste.

IMPORTER AND DESIGNER OF

RICH AND ARTISTIC

MILLINERY

In Attractive and Exclusive Designs specially adapted for young ladies, and not to be found elsewhere.

LATEST ENGLISH and NEW YORK WALKING HATS, SAILORS, and ODD TURBAN SHAPES, constantly received and at VERY REASONABLE PRICES.

A DISCOUNT OF 10 PER CENT ALLOWED TO PROFESSORS AND STUDENTS.

ALLAND, 112 Tremont Street,

Under Studio Building, Boston.

Kingler's

146 Tremont Street, Boston.

Branch of
863 Broadway, N. Y.

Pure, Fresh, and Delicious

Candies..

A Choice Selection of Fancy Baskets, Boxes, and Bonbonnieres constantly on hand at very reasonable prices...

Mail Orders given Prompt Attention.

Frank Wood, Printer, Boston.